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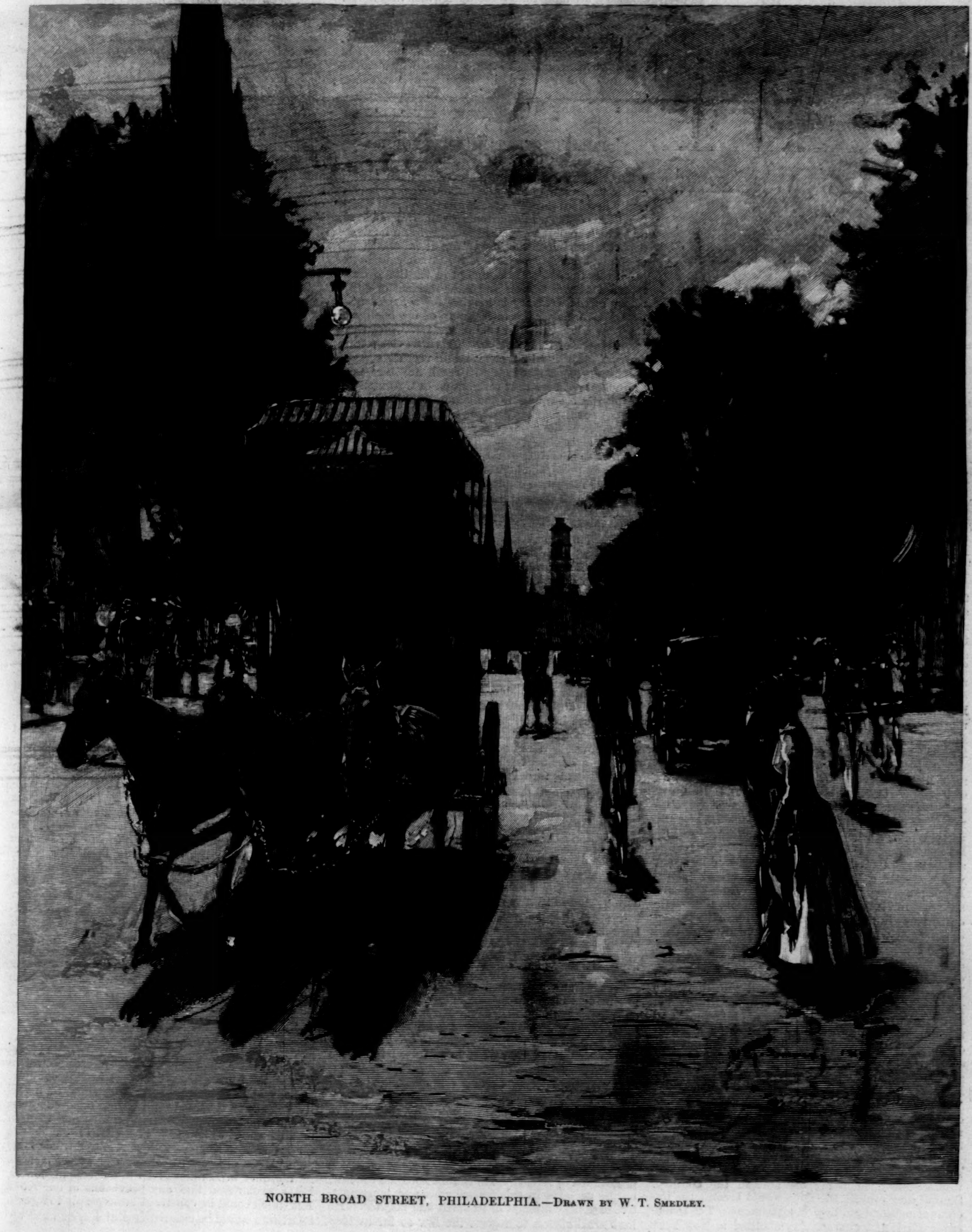

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1808.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE political situation in Massachusetts is very interesting from a national point of view. From the formation of the Republican party the State has been strongly and aggressively Republican, and the sincerity of the opposition within the party to its later course and leadership is proved by the party decline. It was the opposition of men of intelligence and conviction who would not sustain everything that the party might do or approve. The original principles of the Republican party, together with its earlier tendencies toward reform, were nowhere more pronounced than in Massachusetts. If that spirit has largely disappeared from the party, it is because so many of the younger men in the State who were trained in the Republican tradition do not find themselves in accord with the party. The extraordinary result is that to secure the political ends which seem to them most important, a multitude of active and able men have left the Republican ranks; and while the older part—to whom the political associations of the last generation are precious—maintain a position of independence, the younger, free from such ties, have found in the Democratic party of to-day views more congenial with their own, and have largely influenced in Massachusetts the Democratic policy and its spirit.

This is the situation which makes it possible for men like President Eliot and Josiah Quincy and Charles R. Codman and Wentworth Higginson and Sherman Hoar and George Frederick Williams to identify themselves with the Democratic party, and for a great multitude of former Republicans to support Democratic nominations. It is this situation that produced the revolution of last year which elected a Democratic Governor and several Democratic members of Congress. And it is this situation in Massachusetts which offers to the Democratic party in the country its great opportunity—an opportunity which has been undoubtedly imperilled by the Democratic declaration in Ohio on the silver question. Mr. G. F. Williams, one of the newly elected Democratic Representatives in Congress from Massachusetts, says that the recent growth of the party in that State is due to the courage with which it has advocated sound principles of finance and taxation and reform. When it falters on any real question, he says, it will fail. The Democratic Representatives from Massachusetts will oppose in Congress the free coinage of silver advocated by the Democrats of Ohio; and Mr. Williams says, truly, "The moment that it is understood that the Democratic party is for free coinage, that moment Democracy is a thing of the past in the New England States."

This is the appearance on the Democratic side of a spirit, a conviction, and a comprehension which are unprecedented in the State and in the country. Should they prevail, the State would become the nucleus of national political readjustment. The Democratic spirit and character, symbolized in New York by Tammany Hall and Governor Hill, would find a foe in its own household with which it must struggle desperately to maintain its hold. The situation in Massachusetts shows a regenerating force in the Democratic party, of which the only present sign in the Republican party is the protest against the domination of Quay in Pennsylvania. The actual extent of the popular opposition to the extreme protective tariff does not appear because of the strong distrust of the Democratic party, arising from its former course upon slavery and the war, from its proclivity to dangerous financial freaks, and from the instinctive alliance with it of the liquor interest and of the more ignorant voters in the Northern States. For all these reasons a multitude of tariff reformers will not identify themselves with the party merely because it declares for that reform. The points upon which they distrust it are more than those upon which they agree. But the Massachusetts movement promises practically a new party. Its leaders are for an honest currency, for a moderate tariff, for civil service reform. Their policy would strike at corruption and aim at honest government. It is a movement which can be withstood not by excellent Republican candidates only, but by the evidence that such candidates represent a new spirit in the Republican party.

POLITICS IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE national administration of every party always confronts a factional dispute in New York. It generally involves the Collectorship at this port at which two-thirds of the whole customs revenue are received, and which commands a large patronage and immense opportunities in contracts and "facilities" and favors of many kinds. The Collector has come to be regarded as the especial lieutenant in the State of the national administration, and if a President or a Secretary of the Treasury is looking for a Presidential nomination, he wishes to feel sure of the fidelity of the New York Custom-house. The rapid growth in public favor of the principles of civil service reform threatens this tradition, but it is still very strong, and the last persons whom it will reach are New York politicians. The recent resignation of Collector Erhardt was a surprise to the general public, because it was known that his discharge of the duties of the post, so far as the public business was concerned, was entirely satisfactory. The proper duty of the Collector is to superintend the enforcement of the customs laws promptly, honestly, and efficiently. This implies the selection of proper subordinates, a wise interpretation of the statutes, and a generally diligent and effective administration.

There was no question of Mr. Erhardt's satisfactory discharge of his duty. Even the President says that he was surprised by the Collector's resignation. The Collector himself says plainly, however, and nobody doubts that he says truly:

> "The recent policy of the Treasury Department has been to control the details of the customs administration at the port of New York from Washington at the dictate of a private individual having no official responsibility. The Collector is practically deprived of power and control, while he is left subject to all responsibility. The office is no longer independent, and I am. Therefore we have separated."

This means that he has been forced to resign not because of any failure to discharge his whole duty, but because he would not use the office to promote personal political ends. Such a resignation, as is well known, is a removal. It is a removal, moreover, by a President who said, to induce his fellow-citizens to vote for him:

> "In appointments to every grade and department, fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office."

Probably no intelligent man misunderstood the "resignation," but that misunderstanding should not be possible, the *Tribune*, the chief organ of the administration in New York, said, distinctly:

> "The Democratic and mugwump papers which are mourning Erhardt's departure mourn not for him nor for the service, but solely because they know that a large quantity of Democratic rubbish will soon be swept from the Custom-house, as it should have been swept long ago."

This is frank and unmistakable. The Collector has not made a clean sweep of Democratic clerks, without regard to their efficiency. He has administered the Custom-house on the principles proclaimed by his party and by the President elected to carry out those principles. For that reason he is forced to choose between the sacrifice of his self-respect and resignation, and he chooses as every honest man would choose.

The removal means that the power of the Executive patronage in New York is to be directed, so far as practicable, to secure the renomination of the President. Incidentally it means that the President, in the chief custom-house of the country, abandons his professions of reform. He cannot abrogate the law, but he declares in this conspicuous and representative case his contempt of its spirit and purpose. He invites all officers to neglect the law so far as they safely can, and announces that the efforts of all office-holders to secure delegates favorable to his renomination will be regarded with a kindly eye. It means also that Mr. Platt is now recognized by the Executive as the Republican leader in New York, as Mr. Quay has been recognized in Pennsylvania, and that those who fulfil Mr. Platt's wishes will be counted among the sheep and not among the goats. It would not be surprising if Mr. Platt, contemplating the probable loss of the Governorship this year, should decide "to pander to the better element" by nominating an excellent candidate to be beaten, for the purpose of bringing Sunday-school politics into still further contempt. It has not been found, however, that the partisan manipulation of the New York Custom-house ever re-elected a President.

OBLIGATION TO PARTY.

WE observe that some papers speak with impatience of the refusal of Messrs. Bliss and Depew to accept the nomination for the Governorship of New York, as if the honors which they had received from their party laid upon them an obligation to bear any burden which the party might choose to impose. It is also said that Mr. Cleveland, having received the highest possible honor from his party, ought not to refuse to go to Ohio and speak for its candidates; and a letter to the Springfield *Republican* in Massachusetts says that although Mr. Haile, the Lieutenant-Governor in that State, has declined to be considered a candidate for the highest place, yet "men of weight in the party openly talk of nominating him by acclamation, and then of putting on him the disagreeable responsibility of saying that he will not endure personal inconvenience and loss for the sake of the party which has already honored him highly."

This is a very droll view. It assumes that a party nominates a candidate for the purpose of pleasing or honoring him, and not for its own benefit. The letter from which we quote, however, states the reason why Mr. Haile may be exposed to the responsibility of refusing. It is simply "that he is the one man who can carry the State against Russell." That is to say, the party wishes to save itself from defeat, and will invite Mr. Haile to save it, pleading that it has honored him by making him Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Haile might well reply, "Did you make me Lieutenant-Governor for the same reason that you now wish to make me Governor, namely, to save your own bacon, and is that your idea of honoring a man?" There is, of course, an honor in such a call, because it is a testimony to a man's character and reputation. But it is not the office that confers the honor. The office is conferred because the man is already so honored that people will gladly vote for him. The party wishes to make use of him for its own advantage, and pleads that a previous procedure of the same kind conferred an honor for which it now demands payment.

So with Mr. Cleveland. The Democratic party owes him very much more than he owes the party. He was made Mayor of Buffalo because he was honored for his fairness and courage. His election was merely the recognition of the public esteem in which he was held. He was elected to the Presidency because of the same confidence in his own party and among those who were not of his party. His election created no obligation whatever, except that of discharging the duty in the way that he was expected to discharge it. Having done that, he left the Presidency, having laid his party under immense obligation to him for largely removing the suspicion and distrust with which for a generation it had been regarded. For that party now to say to him that his election to the Presidency laid him under an obligation to the party is mere folly. A party selects the best and most available agents it can find. It seeks them for its own purposes. It would not select them, however wise and able they might be, if it did not suppose it could elect them. If Mr. Haile in Massachusetts be the only Republican who can beat Mr. Russell, he has laid his party under great obligation by consenting to give to it officially and to such a result the weight of his personal character. If he declines to do it longer, the party cannot urge his service to it as an honor which he owes to the party and an obligation to do whatever it wishes. The proper attitude of the party toward Mr. Haile is that of gratitude for what he has done for it.

THE GREAT FAIR AT CHICAGO.

OUR great Fair seems to excite more interest in Europe than has been yet aroused in this country. Nobody appreciates probably more fully than Mr. Butterworth the humor of inviting other countries to come and show us their ingenuity and skill in making things which we tax heavily if brought here for sale. The ungraciousness of our attitude is so amusing that it loses something of its offensiveness. At a dinner in London given to our commissioners, Mr. Lincoln said that any provisions in our Alien Act which could be construed unfavorably to foreign exhibitors would be removed. But how he was "authorized" to say so does not appear, as the Alien Act can be modified only by Congress. Nothing was said at the dinner, we believe, about the McKinley tariff and its purposes. But Mr. Gladstone's letter must have suggested reflections. He wrote: "I cannot doubt that the Chicago exhibition would tend materially to advance the commercial intercourse between nations, and therewith those sentiments of friendship which are its usual result. I shall not, I hope, transgress the limits of courtesy in expressing the hope that those at least who come after me may live to see the industrial glory of America freed from every fetter, and her unparalleled natural resources turned to the best account."

The speech of Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India, was regarded as the most significant of the evening. It expressed the warmest sympathy with the project, and promised the heartiest co-operation. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, "father of exhibitions," said that the American exhibition would surpass all others, and that Viscount Cross's speech meant that the government would throw the whole weight of its influence in favor of the Fair. Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, confirmed the statement, which was ratified still further by the cordiality with which Lord Salisbury had received the commissioners. In France the commissioners report similar good feeling. Mr. Peck, one of them, said that he had talked with many large manufacturers in England and France, and found a strong disposition to contribute to the Exhibition. Mr. Bullock found very great interest in the Fair, especially among artists. Other commissioners had been deeply impressed by the unexpected interest they had found in Europe. The French and English press was very friendly, and Mr. Butterworth said that the two governments, at least, are warmly favorable to the enterprise. The President of the Chamber of Deputies favors an appropriation in aid of the French exhibitors, and the Minister of Commerce passed several hours with the commissioners in examining reports of Chambers of Commerce whose members propose to take part.

This is all pleasant. It shows, at least, as Mr. Butterworth says, the friendliness of the governments. It is yet early for any sign of the probable extent of the foreign contributions. But the pride of Europe may be enlisted to show us the works of skill and beauty upon which our laws place a ban. For the influence and results of such an exhibition, if it be really international, are far-reaching. It stimulates the largest and freest commercial intercourse among nations. It is wholly unfavorable to narrow and restrictive policies. In the largest sense it is cosmopolitan, and emphasizes the great truth that "above all nations is humanity." Like the display at Philadelphia in 1876, it will temper a little the national bumptiousness by showing us that there are arts that we cannot yet rival and industrial accomplishment that we do not yet surpass. Whatever may be the essential humor of our position, the results of the great Fair cannot but be beneficial.

MESSRS. QUAY AND DUDLEY.

Public opinion has driven Mr. Quay and Mr. Dudley out of the National Republican Committee. As the meeting of the Executive Committee approached, a part of the Republican press, conscious of the injury to the party of such official leaders, urged the necessity of throwing off so great a burden. But, as if determined to retain for the party as much discredit as possible, its Executive Committee received the resignations with the most fulsome praise and loud lamentation. It took extreme care to show that it regarded Mr. Quay as a noble representative of the party, whose services to it had been unspeakable, and put in his place Mr. Clarkson, of whom Mr. Platt remarks, with undoubted admiration, "We love him for the heads he has cut off," that is to say, for the ardor and success with which he has violated the pledge of his party.

The Republican Executive Committee could not have attempted to escape disgrace more disgracefully. Instead of parting in silence with a chairman who declines to bring to justice those within his own party and out of it who charge him, specifically and in detail, with the misuse of public money, the committee accepts his resignation "against our judgment," and with an enthusiastic assurance of "the deep obligation under which he has placed the Republican party and the cause of good government and patriotism in the United States." Under the circumstances such words are an insult to every honest Republican as they are to the country.

The conduct of the committee in accepting the resignation of Mr. Dudley is not less offensive to public decency. On the 25th of October, 1888, when he was the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, a circular, signed by Mr. Dudley, was sent to the County Committees in Indiana, in which these words occur:

> "Your committee will certainly receive from Chairman Huston the assistance necessary to hold our floaters and doubtful voters, and gain enough of the other kind to give Harrison and Morton 10,000 plurality. Divide the floaters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man, with necessary funds, in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket. There will be no doubt of your receiving the necessary assistance through the National, State, and County Committees. Only see that it is husbanded and made to produce good results."

In receiving Mr. Dudley's resignation the committee say, "We feel that his action deprives the committee and the party of the invaluable and loyal service of one who has proved himself one of the ablest and most faithful public men of his time." All this is certainly without precedent in the Republican party since the complimentary dinner to Dorsey for carrying Indiana by "soap." Even Tammany Hall, when public opinion required it to demand the resignation of delinquent members, did so without saluting them as patriots and faithful public men.

A HUMOROUS STROKE.

One of the humors of politics is the following plank in Mr. Gorman's Democratic platform in Maryland:

> "The existing Republican administration promised when it assumed power to give full effect to reforms in the civil service. Offices in that service have, notwithstanding such pledge, been conferred for political reasons to as great an extent as at any former period in the history of the country. The civil service of the United States, considered as a whole, is to-day a partisan organization, doing active political service for the administration by which it is employed."

Mr. Gorman's zeal for civil service reform was shown in the days of Higgins, and has been trenchantly set forth by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It would be an interesting inquiry whether there was a single delegate in the Maryland Democratic Convention who did not believe that the civil service of the United States, considered as a whole, ought to be a partisan organization doing active political service for the administration by which it is employed.

THE EX-PRESIDENT PARTY.

Ex-President Hayes, in a late speech at Lakeside, Ohio, said, pleasantly:

> "A few days ago, in Massachusetts, ex-President Cleveland made a sensible and judicious talk on the duties and privileges of ex-Presidents. He spoke of what is expected of them, and what he considered their duties. I consider his remarks the platform of a new party composed of ex-Presidents. It is not a numerous party, but it is a harmonious one. I will not repeat what Mr. Cleveland said, but it was in substance that the highest privilege and duty of an ex-President is simply to be a good citizen. I concur in every plank of his platform."

There can be no complaint that the fitting dignity of the Presidential office is not becomingly maintained by the two living ex-Presidents. Often called upon to speak in public, they discharge the task with singular propriety, and in a manner which shows their keen interest in public affairs. Belonging to different parties, they show that political difference need not degenerate into personal bitterness. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were the leaders of the two parties that first existed in the Union, and they were most resolutely opposed. But at last, when both had withdrawn from public life, they resumed the friendly intercourse of the earlier period when they stood together for American independence.

While Mr. Hayes and Mr. Cleveland live there is certainly no occasion for speculation upon the question what to do with our ex-Presidents. Let all others, when their time comes, do likewise.

PARNELL ABANDONED.

Mr. Parnell must be now convinced that his marriage, however morally commendable, has not been politically advantageous to him. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien have just come out of prison, in which probably they have not been secluded from all knowledge of public affairs, and they have pronounced against Parnell, while Mr. Dwyer, of the *Freeman's Journal*, who has been his strong stay, now leaves him because of his marriage, Mr. Dwyer not acknowledging the validity of divorce.

This last blow must have been unexpected by Mr. Parnell, who, however, after a vain effort to entangle Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon in a fresh "conference," went to a town which remains faithful to him, and there spoke, and was drawn in his carriage by loyal hands. Everything has now deserted him apparently but his own persistence. He has the quality most highly valued in the prize-ring, and he evidently intends to stand fast and await the chances that time may bring.

The situation is more promising than ever for the Gladstone cause. Whether, as Sir Vernon Harcourt hopes, Mr. Gladstone may be once more Prime Minister is uncertain. Such an event would be one of the most remarkable victories in the history of English politics. But, however that may be, everything seems to show a steady growth of the Irish cause in English favor. Even the apparent tranquillity of Ireland and the cessation of attacks upon Mr. Balfour do not indicate the decline of the cause. The policy of the Tories in characterizing the deposition of Parnell as a triumph of priestly control has not as yet seriously disturbed the Dissenting conscience in England. The Tory hope that the Parnell rupture would stop the agitation is frustrated by the general abandonment of the old leader.

A QUESTION OF MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

The suggestion that Mr. Cleveland should speak in the State campaign in Ohio has led to some discussion of the question why the speaking in a State election should not be confined to the State. It does seem a little impertinent for a citizen of Minnesota to come to New York to advise us in the choice of members of our Legislature and of Governor and State officers. We may be presumed to understand our own affairs better than our friends from Oregon, or even Texas or Maine. They may be very intelligent counsellors, but in regard to our own taxes and schools and domestic interests and local questions their advice is superfluous.

Governor Campbell in Ohio is a candidate for re-election. How many persons in South Carolina or New Hampshire are sufficiently familiar with his course as the Executive of the State to go to Ohio and exhort its citizens intelligently as to their votes? Mr. McKinley is his competitor. What argument besides his personal character and ability can an orator from Louisiana or Nebraska urge in his favor as a Governor of Ohio except that he holds high tariff views? But what has the Governor of Ohio to do with a high tariff?

Undoubtedly such a question seems to be very irrelevant, and practically it is. But that fact shows how completely national politics dominate our local elections, as Mr. Garrison states in the article of which we spoke last week. There are great questions of immense importance in every State, as license, education, public works, prisons, charity. But when we come to choose legislative and executive agents to deal with them, instead of considering their fitness for such duties, we inquire only whether they favor protective legislation by Congress, or arbitration in the seal dispute, or a force bill to supervise elections in Alabama. Mr. Cleveland's views upon these subjects are known, and if the Governor or Legislature of Ohio has anything to do with those questions, he might be disposed to discuss the subject in Ohio. But it is a fair inquiry whether there is not opportunity enough to consider and argue them without taking the time which the citizens of Ohio ought to devote to their State interests. Or is the election of a United States Senator really more important than any other State interest?

PERSONAL.

An honor very rarely conferred by the Academy of Medicine at Paris—that of an election as corresponding member—has been bestowed upon Dr. H. B. Millard, of New York. There were more than one hundred candidates, of whom four were finally presented; and of these, two were chosen, Dr. Millard receiving forty-two votes out of fifty-one, and the other successful candidate thirty-four out of fifty.

—L'Abbé Mouly, a French priest, has recently received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of heroic services performed many years ago. He was acting as military chaplain at Guadalupe about the time that Maximilian's tragic campaign came to a close, when a terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in the garrison of 800 men. There were many deaths daily, and all the doctors and Sisters of Mercy were carried off, leaving the brave priest for three weeks to minister alone to the sick. At that time he was recommended for the Legion of Honor, but the events of 1870 prevented his nomination, and since then the tribute, which should have been promptly paid to the hero, has been delayed for unknown reasons.

—Lord Mount Stephen, the new Canadian peer, lives, while in Montreal, in a large house built of white limestone, and sumptuously furnished throughout. Here members of the royal house of England and other notable visitors have been entertained. Lord Stephen is said to have sunk a good deal of money in the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was formerly president, but is still a very rich man. When the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated, and in commemoration of that event, he, with Sir Donald Smith, gave a million dollars to build the Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal. Lord Stephen has no son, and but one daughter, the wife of the second son the late Lord Iddesleigh.

—Heinrich Lang, a famous painter of animals and battle scenes, died recently in Munich. He was a staff-officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and was actively engaged in scenes which he afterwards portrayed.

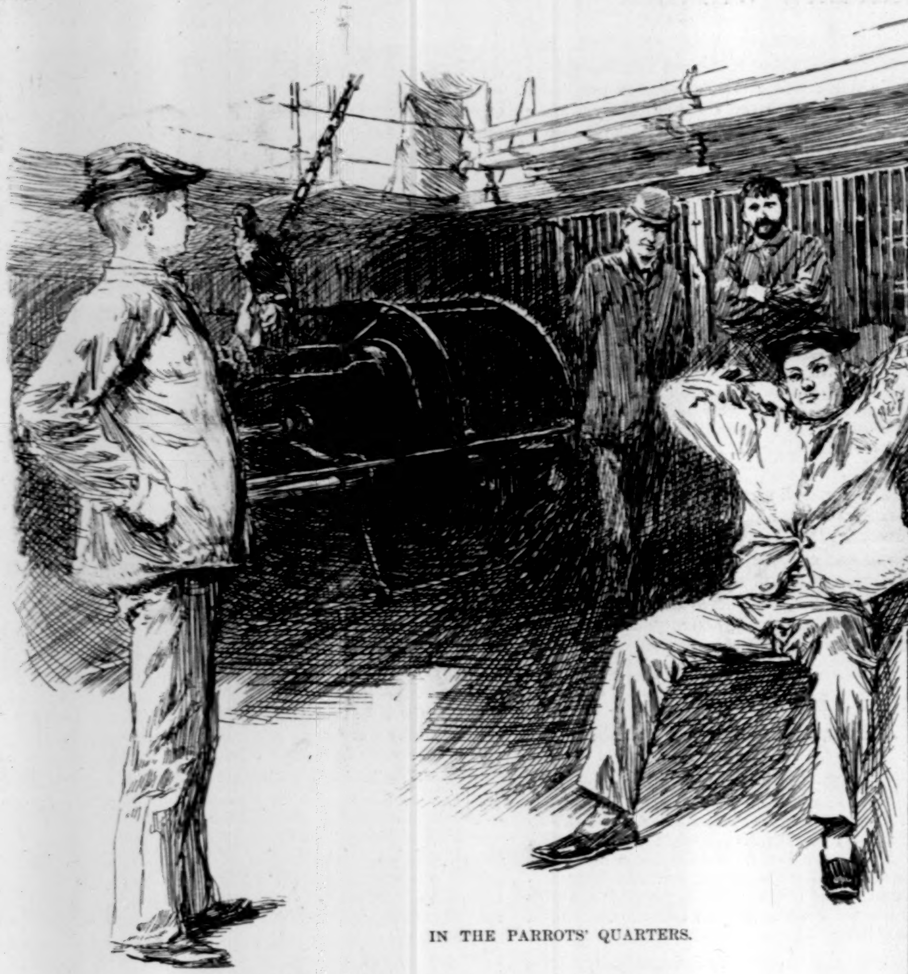
—King Umberto of Italy possesses none of the artistic and musical tastes that are so strongly developed in Queen Margherita. His ear for music is undiscovered, and this deficiency he holds as a weapon over his wife's head to check any little annoyance to which she may subject him. He does not like to have her wear spectacles in his presence, and when she appears with them on, he says, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses, I will sing!"

—C. Dana Gibson, the well-known artist of *Life*, upset himself and Arthur Brisbane, the young editor of the *Evening Sun*, into Buzzard's Bay last week, and both were forced to cling to their canoe for two hours before a fisherman rescued them. On the day following, Mr. Brisbane was thrown out of an upper berth of the Chicago Limited, which ran off the track and caught fire. His vacation is apparently full of interest.

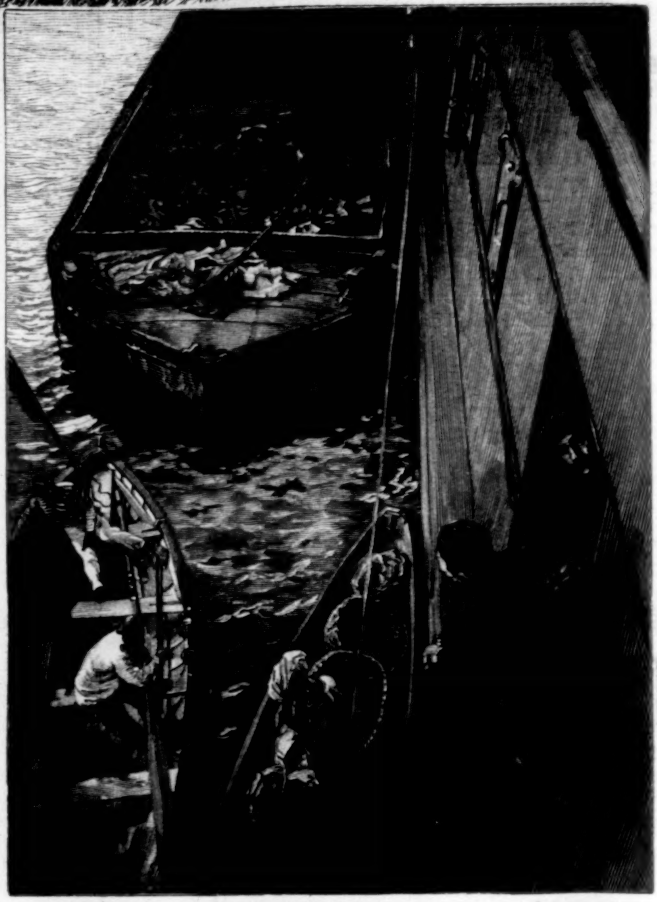
—M. d'Ennery, the French playwright, is eighty years old, but is hale and hearty, and is now writing a five-act drama. He has already produced two hundred plays that have been acted with more or less success. His continued health and strength he attributes to his regular and moral life, and to the fact that he has never allowed himself to become overworked.

—Edward F. Searles, who has just inherited from his wife a vast fortune and a larger number of palaces probably than any other man in this country owns, was ten years ago employed by a leading upholstery firm in New York. He had learned the trade of a house-decorator, was conscientious, clever, and artistic, and commanded a large salary. In 1881 his health broke down, and he went to California to regain it. There he met Mrs. Hopkins in a business way, and impressed her so favorably that later on she made him her agent and adviser. Their wedding in this city in 1887 was as quiet as a man of Mr. Searles's retiring disposition could have desired. Mr. Searles is about fifty years old, and it is said that he has none of the small or large vices. He loves art and music, and plays well on the organ, but does not care for society.

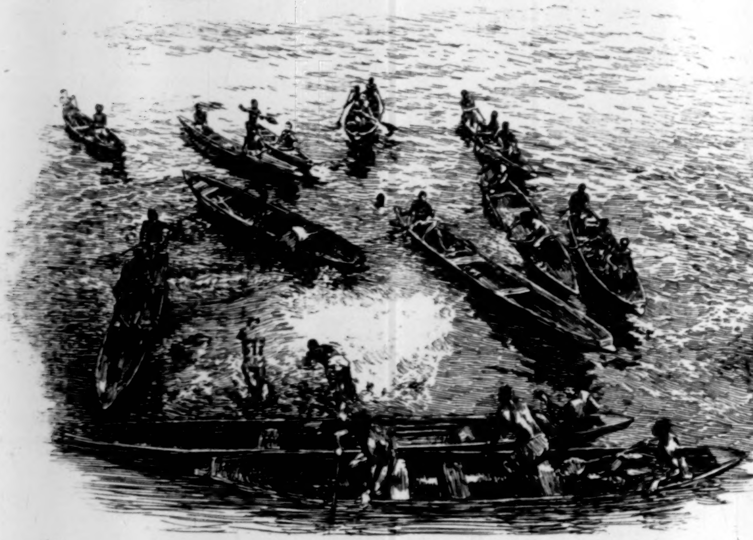
—The summer home of Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, is at North Strafford, where all his life was lived till his long term of Congressional service began. The house is a Gothic structure, standing on a slight eminence, and surrounded by shade trees and extensive grounds. There is a large old-fashioned garden and a pretty artificial pond, while the stables contain pure-blooded Jerseys and fine horses. In the midst of these surroundings Senator Morrill recuperates from his arduous labors at Washington. Although eighty-one years old, he is still fond of climbing the hills with his gun in hand, or playing a game of skittles.



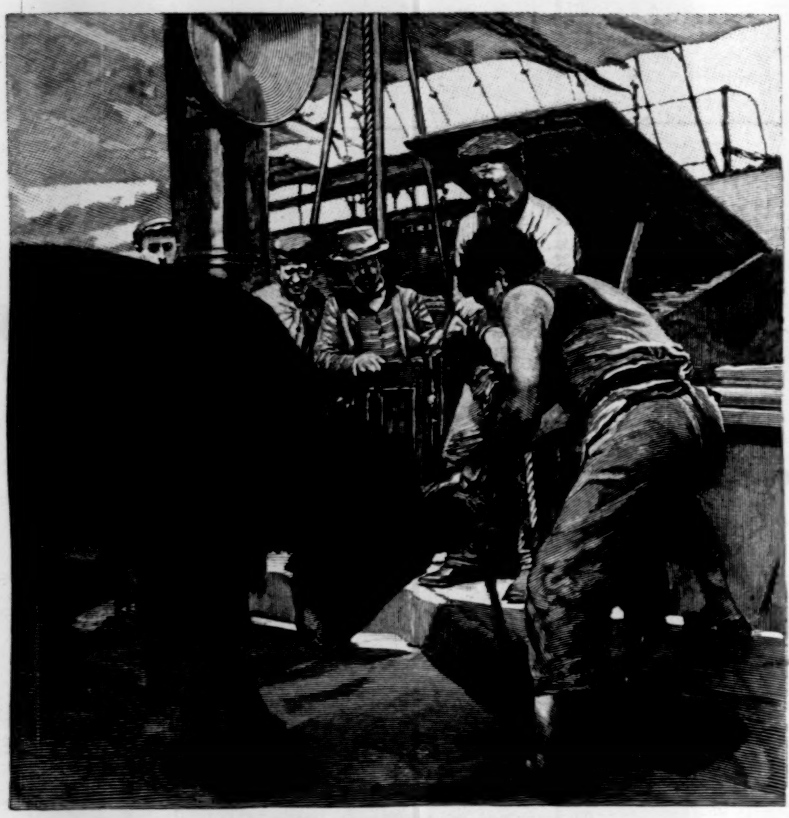
IN THE PARROTS' QUARTERS.



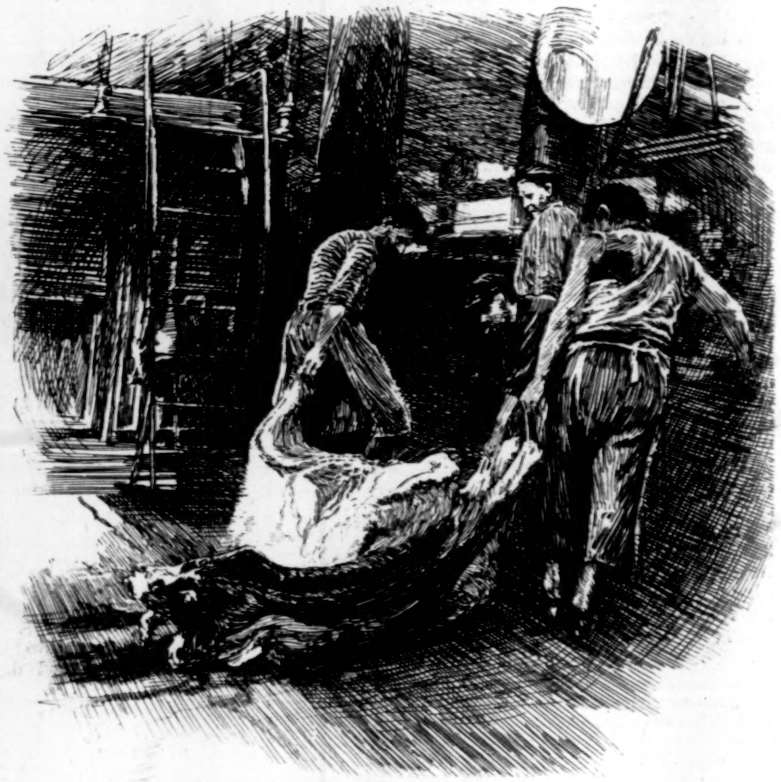
A ROYAL VEGETABLE-DEALER AT DAKAR.



NEGROES DIVING FOR COINS.

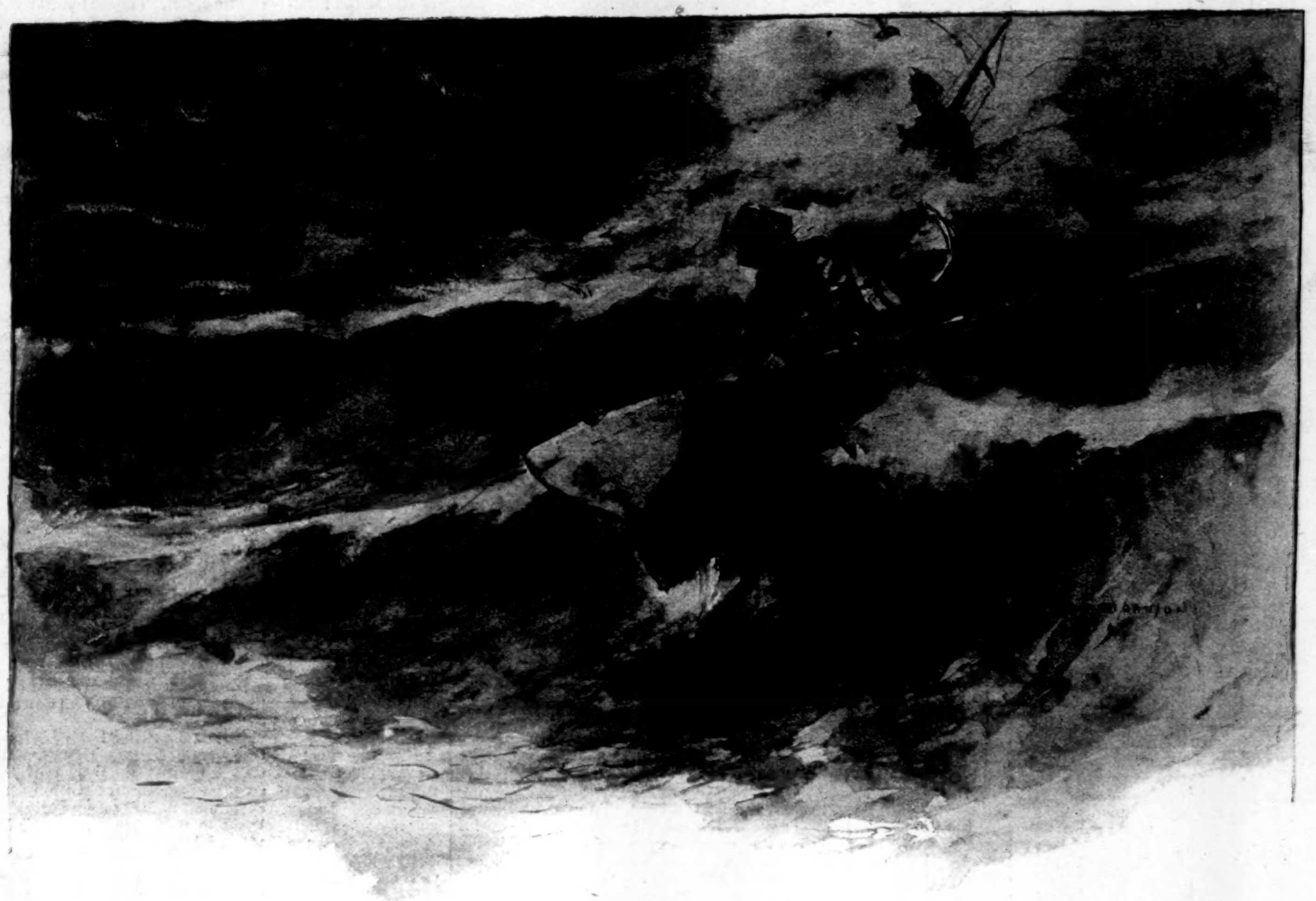


SLAUGHTERING AN OX ON THE FORE-DECK.



DRAGGING AWAY THE CARCASS.

ACROSS THE SEA FROM MONTEVIDEO TO BORDEAUX.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder after Photographs.—[See Page 622.]



SCUD.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

IT was the morning after my arrival. I had just come jaded from examination papers, agued with the incessant ring of orations, abhorrent of the rustle of white tarlatans, distrustful of the future attitude of trustees, and utterly wilted from the effect of a country academy exhibition held in the heat of June in the torridest of Western towns. I had never seen the ocean, and before my window the glorious old Atlantic heaved solemnly. Its intermittent swash upon the rocks sent peace into my soul. I found myself near enough even to throw something into the water. The longing to communicate with this new friend, dreamed of for so many inland years, overpowered me. A box of buttons was all I had, and I leaned far out into the air, pungent with a mixture of fish and kelp, and cast into the deep these feminine necessities, one by one. Now a tiny disk of mother-of-pearl would glance on the float and bounce off into a gray ripple; and then a bit of jet would clatter on the red granite rocks, and be swallowed by a lapping wavelet that seemed to rise on purpose for this strange offering. Too soon the box was emptied of its contents; then there came a mad desire to throw cologne, shoes, satchel, anything, everything, myself, from the second-story window into this mysterious, beckoning, repelling Atlantic tide beneath me. Leaning on the sill, with my whole soul absorbed into this new Nirvana, I was suddenly and yet not unpleasantly aroused by a strident yell:

"Hellow, Scud! Wha'che got this mornin'?"

"Oh, no-thin', only twenty-six little 'uns, an' a couple bucket o' bait."

The answer came back in a deep, orotund, singsong voice. It was the natural intoning of the man of the sea. Two boats shot from under a rocky headland a few hundred yards before me to the left. One of the boats made fast to some black corks that formed a huge rectangle in the water, and two men began pulling in a net. The one in the other boat, who answered to the name of Scud, stopped rowing for a moment, exchanged a word or two, and laughed aloud, then cast a critical look at the sun's altitude, and pulled lazily away. When he was at some distance, he rested on his oars, and hilloaed with that penetrating sea cry:

"I hope you'll get two barr'l. I guess thar's 'nough to go all round."

That undulatory cadence is entirely lacking in landsmen's tones. Still, it was an extraordinarily joyous voice, as if the life of a fisherman were a dream without a care or a struggle. But Scud and his queer green boat disappeared behind the jagged outline of the rocks, and I turned at the sound of the first bell to dress for breakfast.

"Well, how do you like your room? I hope that the fishermen didn't wake you up too early."

My cousin offered me some smoking flakes of fish, new to my limited experience. This, he said, was inland hake, and was caught that morning in Scud's trap. Now, although I was hitherto ignorant of this delicious fish with its paradoxical cognomen, I felt that Scud and I were already friends; and gravely informed my host that Scud had caught twenty-six little ones that morning. This piece of information was immediately greeted with impertinent hilarity.

"So Scud woke you up?" said my cousin. "He's always doing that. There was one nervous boarder here. She threatened to have him arrested for breaking the peace. But you might as well arrest a fog-whistle."

"Does he always get up as early in the morning?" I asked, apprehensively. "He must be a very energetic person. Do tell me about it. What are 'little 'uns'?"

I must confess to a degree of perplexity when the whole family burst into further roars of laughter at my simple question.

"Scud energetic? Why, he the easiest, the slowest, the sleepiest, the most lovable, good-natured fellow on the whole coast. He makes the surest and perhaps the best living of any of the fishermen around here. If he didn't get up early he wouldn't do even that. As it is, Salt does most of the work. Salt is his oldest boy."

"I am sure Scud needs all he can make," interrupted Mabel (she was my cousin's wife), "with his dozen children and a wife to support, and only one trap to do it on."

"For my part," interposed the oldest daughter, with a pert motion of her head, "I am tired to death having to save clothes for that— You needn't look so shocked, mamma. Yes, I am. It's always 'Take care of that petticoat, Betty can use it'; or, 'That dress can be turned and made over nicely for the twins.' I declare I don't get a new dress but that the whole Scud family troop over and inspect it, and criticise it, and quarrel over it, and gloat over it, the first day I wear it. I caught two of their boys fighting over which of them should have Reginald's summer ulster when he was done with it."

"I shall give it to Tommy," observed her mother, in an absent, comfortable tone.

After breakfast my cousin rowed over to the station; the eldest two children took their guest, a boy of about sixteen, out fishing; while I eagerly accompanied Mabel across the rocks and fields to Scud's house—a little rented hut, hidden and sheltered from the east winds behind a huge barrack of a boarding-house.

How clear the day! How warm the sun! How hospitable this forbidding, granite-clad North Shore! As I look back upon that memorable morning it seems as if the bay could never be ruffled by any but the tenderest breezes, or its bright water reflect any but the dazzling glare of the hottest sun. Clouds hovered over us, delicate and fleecy as the feathers of the marabou, and white and curly as the feathers of the ostrich. They radiated from a centre in translucent films, and shot out monstrous ciliated fingers like a fan. Such a sky was never seen in my part of the country, and I attributed this ravishing cloud phenomenon to the peculiar influence of the sea, being too ignorant to notice that these streamers shot from out the west. The stillness was intoxicating after the scurry of the school-room. And now even the water made no ripples on the beach. The sea was motionless, like a distilled elixir in a serrated alembic.

We stopped before a low, pitch-roofed house that looked as if it contained three rooms at most. The yard was piled up with wreckage and drift-wood. Who ever heard of a fisherman buying kindling? Within the gate four children were playing with twice as many cats and kittens. They were all fighting like animals between themselves for a plateful of scraps of fried fish. A baby would grab a piece from the plate, and offer the remainder to a grave tabby, which in turn distributed it to her offspring. Then the kittens and "humans" rolled and scratched, and shrieked and scratched again.

"Keep yer mouths shet out there, or I'll be after ye with a stick!" This maternal sentiment, spoken in a loud shrill voice, greeted us as we stepped within the gate.

"It's I, Betty. I have brought you a little something, and a friend who wants to see the children."

"Dear sakes! 'tain't you, is it?" The shrill voice was now modulated in an entirely different tone. "Ain't I glad you've come! Step right in and set down. No? Then I'll be out and see ye ez soon ez I've tended the baby."

"Baby!" I gasped, looking at the four fighting infants at my feet, none of whom looked over thirteen months. "Are these hers too?"

"These are the twins," answered Mabel, quite seriously. "They call them 'the twin.' These are the two sets, just a year apart. The baby was born a month ago. The baby isn't named. Let me see: these are Bessie and Maurie and Robbie and Susie."

"Why, I thought you knew better," protested the mother, in a grieved voice. "Susie is in the house there. That's Bessie." She wiped her hands on her apron, and thrust one of them out through a rent in the mosquito-netted door. "I'm glad to see any of *her* friends. Yes. Good mor'n'. The children? Laws sakes, they're round the house like pups!"

The face was remarkable for a pair of brilliant black eyes, an inheritance of Italian ancestry. She was not yet middle-aged, and her hair had turned prematurely gray. Her hands were bony, nervous hands, indicative of great executive capacity, but the incessant work had left them trembling.

"Are all your children here?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Here's four of 'em. Come out here, you in there, an' I'll count ye." It was a pitiful sight to see these five plump, rosy youngsters pass in review before the frail, emaciated mother.

"But here are only nine," I ventured.

"Salt's missing, mother," said the eldest girl; "he's with father to the trap."

"So he is, Kittie. They've rowed round the cove with what they ketched. They'll be back d'rectly."

"But how do you manage, Mrs.—ah—Scud?" I asked. I am afraid there was a slight choke in my throat as I spoke. The mother cast a quick look at my face, and shoving her children into the house, one by one, said:

"Now go, Kittie; finish the dishes. You, Mamie, put the baby kearfully in the box. What did you hit Jim for, Sammy? Let me ketch you a-hitten your little brother agin an' I'll spank you. Now get in the house, all of ye. You see, miss," turning to me, "we manage somehow. If it wa'n't fur *her*, we'd give up. There's that boy Jim, he took to swearing this spring. I declare it was jess awful to hear him go on. I spanked him, and Scud he switched him, but it wa'n't to no use. That boy talked jess scand'lous, till your cousin here, miss, she heerd him one mornin', an' took a white powder an' put a little on his tongue. It made Jim powerful sick. And, says she, 'If I hear you swearin' agin I'll pizen ye; an' you'll die in a minute an' never see God,' and I declare to goodness he was so sceared that I hain't heerd him swear since. There's Scud. Where's Salt, pa? Come here an' speak to the ladies. She's brought ye some ties."

"Salt's makin' the boat fast," began Scud, nodding with inimitable ease to his visitors. "I'm afraid ther's goin' to be—"

Scud stopped short in open-mouthed pleasure when he saw a couple of brilliant red and blue ties dangling from Betty's hand. He had come up the rocky path, whistling like a boy, with every line and pucker in his face on a broad smile. If Lavater had seen this fisherman's physiognomy he would have pronounced it indicative of incomparable good nature. Indeed, Scud's good nature went so far at times as to be incomparably inadequate to the demands of existence. If he happened to go for weeks without catching so much as a sculpin in his net, and the starvation of his youngsters stared him in the face, he showed none of the common symptoms of discouragement, such as swearing, drinking, beating his wife, or cursing his luck. He only whistled the blither, ran up bills at the butcher's and grocer's with irresistible faith, borrowed his "chaws" of his luckier mates, and laughed as if poverty were an excellent joke that Providence was cracking at him. Why shouldn't he appreciate it, even if it were at his expense?

Scud was born "easy." Who could blame him? He gave up his lobster-pots because it took too much time to dry them and keep them in repair, and it was too cold and dangerous hauling them in stormy weather off the rocks. Scud found it too troublesome to underrun his trap more than twice a day—once at six o'clock in the morning, then at six o'clock at night. Even when the mackerel or the herring struck, and every man who had a trap hovered over it night and day to keep the catch from mysteriously immaterializing, as well as to gather it in, Scud was satisfied with his diurnal visits. He "wa'n't a-goin' to keep a-runnin' to see the fish swim in. If they were fool 'nough to go in the trap, they could stay there till he underrun an' bailed 'em out." His methods of gaining a livelihood were unique on the coast; yet it was Scud who "stocked" eight hundred and fifty dollars that summer clean, two hundred dollars above any one else in the harbor. It was the saying among some of the jealous fishermen in the cove, who were not blessed with two pairs of twins, that "nobody 'arned so easy a livin' as Scud without doin' no work." But these indistinct murmurs never stimulated Scud nor impaired his good nature. Indeed, Scud was the happiest man that ever lived. What a dancing, laughing eye! What a catalogue of joys therein! What contagious, hopeful humor! What irrepressible buoyancy of spirits! Who could help loving Scud, as one loves a huge, long-coated St. Bernard dog? Scud was the laughing, joyous, piping Pan of the ocean. He smoked not, neither did he drink. He had no vices that debased him. Chewing is not a vice for a fisherman. But he did have a curious taste for candy. No present pleased him so much as half a pound of caramels or of sugar-coated nuts. It was the sweet animal nature instinctively laying hold of sweets.

Scud's "easiness" was unmitigated—at times it was exasperating; but this made him all the fatter, the jollier, the more companionable; and as it succeeded so well, why not? Summer boarders were appreciative of Scud. He lived upon them. Twins?—they did it. It was a dime show, and the money was paid.

Two sets of authentic twins! It was enough to drain a woman's heart of sympathy, a woman's pocket of money; and the summer boarders were mostly women—married women, with husbands sweating in the city to support them; single women, school-teachers and that sort.

But Scud stood looking at the ties. He seldom bought clothes, any more than he purchased firewood or paid for his fish. They came to him. Here was a pair of trousers that was once a bishop's. That coat and vest were the velveteen relics of a posing artist. The cap was a yachtsman's gift, and the neckties came as a matter of course.

"Are them fur me?" (Scud was always surprised at such a crisis.) "Thank ye, ma'am. Ain't them showy? I guess they'll sceer the mac'rel off the coast."

"I wanted you to take me out sailing this morning, Mr. Scud," I began, after a formal introduction. Scud looked somewhat gratified with the prefix to his name, and regarded me with interest. To take boarders out sailing at the rate of seventy-five cents an hour was the kind of work he would do.

"Yess, ma'am. But I'm 'fraid it 'll be a trifle too windy to-day, if ye hain't used to sailin'." He jerked his head to the westward. "Salt is a-makin' the dory fast with a new haulin'-line, ma'am. I guess we'll have a squall pretty soon."

We followed Scud's gesture and looked. A squall a day like this? The white streamers had vanished, and above us was dark, unfathomable blue. But on the western horizon, stretching far to the south, a black bank had arisen. No cloud in the physical geography was ever sketched blacker. It had come up as stealthily as a Zulu warrior. It was the hue of unpolished iron. It had a faint reddish tint. Its outline was as clear cut as a cameo. It sent ahead here and there jagged tenticles, broad at the base and fine at the tip, that advanced, dissolved, and reappeared again with significant rapidity. The ocean had suddenly grown lethargic. It seemed unable to reflect the sun that still shone. It became like a platter of tarnished silver. As we looked, the sight rapidly grew uglier.

Now my cousin Mabel seemed hypnotized by it. She stood for a few minutes with her hands hanging at her sides; her delicate jaw dropped. Suddenly she pulled herself together, and whispered: "It is horrible! It is awful!" Then, as if seized with the full import of the scene, she cried aloud: "My *children!* They are out fishing in a sail-boat! My *children!*" She began to run towards the shore, leaving us all staring after her.

My nautical sense was not as highly trained as Mabel's, but I thought the sight terrifying and fine. It was part of the Eastern culture towards the education of the Western girl. But seeing Scud look sober—I had the impression that it was for the first time in his life—I pleaded. "Do come too, Scud. Is it so bad? Won't it blow over?"

"It's goin' to be as bad as I ever seed in these parts, miss. I'll do what I can. 'Twon't be much, I'll bet."

I ran down to the house, followed by Scud at a moderate walk. Scud never ran. Would he have run for the drowning? I doubted it.

The clouds had arisen with terrible velocity. They coursed over the bare sky like a black bull with horns down. White cirrus clouds now darted out here and there ahead, like fluttering standards of warning. And now the sun was gored to death. The black bank advanced in one wide line. Blackness had fallen everywhere. Anxiety was visible in every form of nature—in the cries of the birds, the skulking of the dogs, the blanched faces of the boarders, the attention of the fishermen.

In the British navy, when any terrible and sudden disaster occurs on a man-of-war, such as the bursting of a gun, a collision, or striking upon the rocks, the bugler sounds what is known as "the still." On hearing it every man aboard comes to a stand-still. This momentary pause enables each to collect his nerves to meet the summons of the shock. Nature was now commanding "the still"; but the order came through the eyes. No sound was as yet heard. The sea, the air, sentient life, all souls, held their breath before the shock that must come. Men collected along the coast to meet the threatened tornado. By that subtle force which sensitive organisms will recognize, be it called telepathy or psychic power or magnetism, I knew, ignorant as I was, that nature was silently preparing for a terrific struggle.

When Scud and I joined Mabel on the rocks in front of her house we found her wringing her hands, sobbing, and crying for help. It seemed that her two children, who had gone out fishing with their city guest, were in a sail-boat. This was managed by a boy about their age—none of them were over sixteen. But the lad who sailed the little boat was a fisherman's son. He was considered very expert, and had broad experience from his babyhood up. But this fact did not soothe the mother. Appalled by the color and the swiftness of the clouds, and their ominous import to the safety of the little sail-boat, we scanned the harbor and the coast; but no boat answering to the description was in sight. Scud tried to comfort the mother in his shaggy way. "The b'ys hev sailed to the inner cove, ma'am. They's ashore by this time, I'll bet."

As Scud spoke, the large fishing-schooners leaving and entering the broad harbor shot, one after the other, as if by mutual impulse, into the direction of the clouds, into the west, and dropped sails and anchors with incredible rapidity. Far out to sea vessels were now seen to ride with bare poles; it was evident that they had anticipated a formidable blow. We stood on a bend in the shore, and the broad bay lay between us and the rising storm. The rocky coast stood forth in a long, broken outline opposite to us, far down towards Great Brabant. The open Atlantic spread before us to the southwest. And now lightnings flashed in angry sheets. The sea took to itself suddenly a peculiar greenish tinge. There were heard distant bellowings. We strained our eyes for the boys. Where were they? Where *were* they? Two miles out ships began to rock fearfully.

"They've cotched it!" shouted Scud. "Here it comes. Look out, leddies!"

Driven by earth's mightiest, most implacable, most invisible force, a line of foam dashed across the bay. Spray from the water twenty feet below struck us in the face simultaneously with the wind. The white squall had burst upon us. I dragged my poor cousin with me to the piazza, into the house, which tottered and would have fallen had it not, after the fashion of this bleak shore, been chained to the rocks.

Now Scud staid outside. It did not seem clear at first why. Pretty soon we saw him trying to pull the tender upon the float, that was clean washed by every wave.

Then came the first lull. The mother ran out into it wildly. The water was green and white. Two coasters and a large yacht were running in for shelter without a stitch of canvas. They were making straight for the inner harbor.

"Look! Come here! Look! What's that boat? See! Way out there beyond the island! My God! It's *my children!*"

A half-mile or more away, in the very heart of the squall, a little boat with full sail set was staggering unto death. Language cannot hint at the horror in the mother's face. She had made her summer's home for fifteen years within a shell's-throw of the sea, and she knew perfectly well what this situation meant. No one could have undeceived her, and no one tried. She stood for a moment staring straight ahead, stretched out her arms, swayed, and fell. She was one of the fainting kind, and there was nothing to be done about it. We carried her in and laid her down. It was my impulse to trust her to her terrified servants. I was too terrified myself to know whether I was right or wrong. Irresistibly compelled, I rushed out of doors again, and appealed (with feminine instinct, I suppose) to the only *man* within reach. Scud responded quickly enough.

"Yess; that's them!" He pitched his orotund voice upon me as if he were giving a command in a gale at sea.

Men now began to gesticulate wildly at the ill-fated boat from the rocks, as if that could help the matter.

"Drop that mains'l, you —— fools, or you'll go to ——!" The voices struck me like a volley of bullets, but they could not have penetrated ten feet to windward.

"Scud!" I cried. "Help! Save them, Scud!"

"I can't do nothin'," he howled in my ear. "No one can't. You can't row in them breakers."

By this time the wind had increased its force. The sail-boat was near enough for one to see the desperate attempts the boyish skipper made to lower the sail. One of the halyards had become caught. The boy made wild rushes to the mast. Then the boat would rock and fly around. To save her the lad darted back to the helm just in time. This sickening struggle against a diabolical knot was repeated several times. On the bottom the three passengers lay inert with terror. A twenty-foot boat with full sail, when hundred-ton schooners trembled under bare poles! Even my inexperience grasped the situation.

"He's doin' all-fired well, but he can't last no longer if that— He'll be druv on the rocks! They'll be druv to ——!"

The rocks were now lined with men commenting in an apathetic way upon the tragedy enacting before their eyes.

"Why don't they *do* something?" In my ignorance of the curious stolidity which falls upon the shore in face of danger upon the sea, I stood shrieking: "Why doesn't somebody go? Why don't you men do *something?*"

The fishermen and the summer people looked into each other's eyes, but no man answered a word.

"Can't *you* help them?" I pleaded with another weather-beaten fisherman.

"Can't be done, or I'd do it."

"I came down to see them capsize, an' I guess they'll go," said a gruff voice.

But Scud gave me a long look. He stood quite silent. An expression of rare gravity was on his joyous face. He glanced apprehensively from the boat to the house.

"*She* can't, Scud; she's fainted. There isn't anybody but me. I've *got* to do something. The children have *got* to be saved, Scud!" The Western girl shook him by the arm. Her very ignorance gave a force to her appeal that intelligence could not have supplied. Had I understood what I asked I should not have said: "Scud, won't you go? They are drowning. See, Scud! *Go!*"

The doomed sail was beaten here and there in the fierce wind; the jib was blown to tatters. The boat took in water, righted, and careened with every riotous puff. A hundred times men turned their faces away and women shrieked, expecting it to go down. A hundred times' repeated miracle protected the helpless boat.

Scud walked slowly down the heaving gangway that connected the rocks with the float. The man who came down to see the boat capsize followed with his hands in his pockets. He balanced himself on the railing with his elbows as the gangway jumped beneath him.

"What yer up ter, Scud?" he yelled above the tempest. "They're driftin' on yer trap. That 'll fetch 'em."

Scud looked up. His feet were washed in the water that flooded the float at every surge. To strike the trap meant instant overturn. To become entangled in and driven on to the meshes of the broad deep net meant inevitable death. "I guess I'll go. Help me shove the dingy off." So spoke Scud, deliberately.

"You—" The rest of the expletive was lost in the gale. The breakers made sport of Scud, and spat at him with their white tongues. "Your childer! The twin! Betty!" thundered his friend.

Scud hurriedly put in the oar-locks. As he bent, the wind caught his cap and dashed it on the rocks. Scud shook his brown hair to the furies.

"Ye see!" yelled his companion, significantly. "Now get in, will ye?"

"Shet up, Steve! Gimme them oars. Don't ye see I'm goin'? I wish I hed my dory."

A murmur of applause went up from the crowd as the fisherman shoved off. The light tender was twisted about and all but cast upon the cliffs before he could gain his first stroke.

And now the man of the sea set his weak mouth into petrified resolve. The wind and the water attacked his boat like assassins. They meant to kill. Scud knew this. He rowed guardedly, mistrustful of a cowardly feint, of an underhand lunge. The tender quivered beneath each dash of the waves, each onslaught of the squall, each hurried stroke of the oars. Scud rowed warily, lest he be overturned and buried between the trough and the height of the waves. The wind howled at him. The bay showered upon him. The gale clutched him and turned him about. The sea tossed him and wound her foamy arms about him. How now! Whence came these muscles of steel that subdued such powers arrayed against lazy Scud? How now! Whence came that indomitable judgment that baffled the elements at their own wildest sport? Fishermen stared from the shore at this unparalleled exhibition of skill, coolness, courage, and strength from *Scud.*

Then, with the spite of which only a white squall is capable, it thundered against Scud, and with the animosity of which only the Atlantic Ocean is capable, it rose upon Scud and wellnigh bore him under. Hope is easily dashed in the hearts of inert spectators, but Scud did not falter. The crowd stood by commenting:

"Scud! Thet Scud? Poor Betty! Poor widder! We'll hev ter fish him up ter-night. Plucky fellow! Brave deed! That's grit! Thar's skill! Who'd 'a' thought it? *Scud!*"

But Scud the "easy," Scud the do-little, Scud the good-for-naught—Scud, of whom nobody expected anything—comfortable, self-indulgent Scud, rowed on sturdily straight out into that hell. Could he ever overtake the boat? How was it possible? If he did, the extra weight would swamp the fancy tender, built only to carry two or three at the most in light weather. How could he get one in?

"Why the —— didn't he take his dory?" asked an old man.

"How in —— can he bring her up with a haulin'-line an' git in from the rocks?" answered another, contemptuously.

"Scud may get 'em," ventured an expert, "but what 'll he do with 'em?"

Now Scud had rowed beyond the net to the right, in order to bear down upon it the easier.

"Thar she strikes! God help 'em!" Cries came from a dozen throats. The sail-boat struck against the leader of the net. It swung broadside to the wind, that forced it over and under. Agonized shrieks were borne to the shore. I was glad that Mabel was a fainting woman.

For some time Scud's wife had stood apart and looked upon the scene. Her eyes were dry and feverish. She did not talk. She hugged a baby at her breast desperately. Salt held a pair of twins; the oldest girl another. Children sprawled upon the ground, clinging to their mother's feet and dress. None drew near or spoke to this pathetic group. What could one do? What word could one say? The storm swayed Betty here and there. Her hair waved in the hurricane. She had long, pretty hair. Spray drenched her. She did not cry out. She stood like the Niobe of the sea. She looked like one expecting the fate that had been only delayed. An average of two hundred men a year from this fishing-town are swallowed up by the ocean that affords them sustenance, and their starving widows are left after them. Betty was only one of a thousand of her kind who stolidly concealed a desolate suspense. And now her turn had come, harder than the rest, for she was in at the death.

It is a mystery until this day how Scud reached the overturned sail-boat as he did. With a dory his work would now have been comparatively easy; but with a thirteen-foot yacht's tender it was superhuman. The two girls clinging to the wreck were lifted bodily into the boat. Scud was quick but cool, and imparted perfect confidence to the water-sodden children. At the fisherman's peremptory order, the two boys clung to each side of the tender. We could see them dragging in the water; it was the only way. Scud now began to row before the storm.

There were no cheers from the rocks. Not a man of them stirred. The fishermen, hardened to perils of the sea, had been fascinated by this exhibition of cool-blooded heroism from the least heroic of them all.

The cockle-shell dashed madly towards the shore. No power could row it weighted against the wind that beat upon it with fitful concentration. Straight before the tender was a little beach between the rocks, not more than twenty feet wide, but this was protected at its entrance by a line of reefs, easily passable at high tide, and bare at low. The rollers broke upon most of these rocks, and the spume swirled in dirty froth upon the pebbly beach. Scud made for the opening. The gale drove him wildly along. A few men now ran to the beach and the outlying rocks, ready to do the possible at any emergency. Would Scud pass the reef or not? There was not time to answer the question. The boat rose upon a huge wave. Foam and spray enveloped it from view. There was a rumbling cry of horror. There was a dull, splintering crash. Fifty men rushed to the beach and lined the cliffs. The boat had struck upon the last rock.

As the wave passed on, the terrible sight of black human heads appeared in a setting of white foam. But these were within reach almost. These could be saved. Ah! Men wade in, somehow, anyhow, forming a line, and pass one to shore. Saved! And then another. Thank God! Here comes the third on that wave! Grasp that dress! Tenderly, it is a girl. All here! All saved!

But where is Scud? Oh, but *he* can swim. He is strong and used to chilling water and fierce waves. The helpless children safe, and Scud gone? Impossible! Incredible! Too horrible!

Involuntarily one man and then another turned to look at the widow and the orphans, and then they turned and cursed the sea aloud.

At this moment a dark little figure shot past them all, by the bewildered men, and dashed with a shriek into the foam. What did she do? How did she do it? What could be done? A woman—a little woman—her baby only one month old—Betty! She caught the sinking hand, the drowning head—she never knew how. A dozen men plunged in now. Spectators who had not wet their feet during all that horrible scene swam now in the whirlpool for the woman's sake, and for the shame she wrought upon them. Brawny arms and steady feet bore her back. Her little hand, rigid, clutched her husband by the collar of his shirt.

Scud was carried quickly up and laid upon the piazza. An ugly bruise was upon his forehead.

The wind died down. The rain came in sheeted torrents. Betty stood in the deluge and shielded her husband automatically. The children, most of them too small to know the reason why, lifted up their voices and wept.

"Father," said Betty, softly, "why don't ye speak to me? Dearie, dearie Scud. I saved ye. Hain't ye nothing to say to me, Scud?"

"You'd better go into the house," said some one. "Leave Scud to us awhile." For in truth not a man or woman of us but believed that Scud was dead.

"You jess get us to a kitchen fire," said Betty, quietly, "and leave him to *me*."

And it was repeated with many a trembling lip far down the coast that night that Scud would live.

It was the morning of my departure, and it had come by the last express the night before. It had been kept a profound secret, for we would not risk a cruel disappointment. Scud had rowed to town with a full fare of fish, and Salt was with him, doing the rowing. We left word that they should come to the house as soon as they had put their dory up. A peremptory message was sent to Betty to come over immediately to do some work. A few neighbors happened to drop in. There might have been a dozen or so in all. My cousin did not go into town that day. He said he wanted to see me off. Betty came a little early, and was set to scrubbing the pantry floor.

But Scud, a hero? He had forgotten all about it now. He was the same old fellow, just as easy, just as jolly, just as careless. Scud wasn't at all spoiled by what had happened. He was as comfortable as the sea this very morning. Who would have suspected the passing of a grand storm upon the hearts of either? Scud's sluggish blood had been "up" for one fiery hour. For one great day he had been the hero of the coast—the peer of all its heroes. Then the fire went out, and Scud became as he was. Perhaps Scud was more popular; his babies were better fed. Fishermen treated him with a grudged respect, and when he was pointed out to every new squad of boarders as the bravest man on the whole coast, they smiled. How could that grinning, singing Scud save a jelly-fish?

It was just eleven o'clock. With what impatience we had waited for the tramp of those rubber boots! We rushed upon the piazza and greeted Scud and Salt, dressed in their oil-skins, just as they had come from the trap. Scud halted uneasily at the front door.

"No, miss, I can't come in in this toggery. I'm all dirt. I'll go home an' change my clothes. Couldn't get here sooner. Herrin' jess struck. We sold ten barr'l this mornin'."

But we constrained him, and Scud entered, staring about, shuffling his rubber boots and wiping them as best he might. White scales of fish glittered upon his black oil-skins. He looked as if he were mailed in silver.

It devolved upon me to fetch Betty from the pantry; but I saw as I went that all of the people in the parlor stood up as Scud entered, as if they were greeting a prince. Scud looked from one to the other uncomfortably. He blushed a deep russet red, and stared, and then laughed in a vacant way. Betty now appeared in the doorway, and the three made a most impressive group in their working-clothes, wondering what it was all about, and what the city folk were after now.

"Scud," said the master of the house, clearing his throat, "you have done the bravest deed this coast has record of for twenty years. You have saved to us our children, dearer than our life. You had your own wife to think of, and the children who depend upon you for their bread. You have been a hero. To us you are always a hero, and our love and gratitude will last as long as our days. I have the privilege of presenting to you the highest tribute Massachusetts pays to her brave men—the gold medal of her great Humane Society, one hundred years old. This honor has not been sought, but has been eagerly bestowed. May it never leave your family! It will be an inspiration to your boys. You have obtained the reward of your pluck, and you deserve it, old fellow. Now shake!" The speech broke in eloquence, but not in feeling.

"See," said Mabel, "I kiss the medal for you and for my dear children's sake." She flashed it from its plush case, and placed the solemn emblem, whose exquisite engraving glittered like a jewel, in his great wet hands.

Salt turned his face to the wall. Betty put her apron over her face, and Scud's eyes ran dripping over. He opened his mouth, but no sound came forth.

"And now, Betty, look here," said her mistress, in a gay, tremulous tone, "I have something for *you*." She held out in her delicate hand forty silver dollars, the gift of the Humane Society to Betty herself. "You are a woman, and you saved a man's life," explained my cousin, "and the society always recognizes the courage of a woman."

But Betty drew herself up in her scrubbing-dress. She had a fine look. "Thank you, ma'am," she said, "and the gentleman too. But he was my husband. I don't take no money from nobody for savin' of my husband. I'm just as much obleeged to ye." Almost every child in her house was dressed in "given" clothes, but the unpauperized soul looked out of Betty's faded eyes.

"Well," said my cousin, looking nonplussed, "how would it do to make it over to the twin?"

"As ye please," said Betty, shining. So the four twin babies received ten silver dollars apiece from the Humane Society for plunging into the water and saving their father's life. This was an illegal procedure. I grant it. And if the society now for the first time learneth of the matter, I am fain to believe that it is too old and too great to take account thereof.

We were rowing over to catch my train. Scud was the oarsman. He had sat quite still, and had a dazed look. Midway of the bay he stopped pulling, lifted and crossed his oars. I saw his Adam's apple rising and falling like an irresolute tide.

"I were took all of a sudden," he said, slowly; "I never felt so in all my life. My throat felt kinder queer an' dry. But I'm mightily obliged to yer. It might give Salt a lift. But I didn't know what to say, an' so I didn't say nothin'."

THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

THE active work of the University Settlement Society will be begun early this fall, when it is proposed to assume the responsibility of the Neighborhood Guild. Those who do not know what the University Settlement proposes to do can get some idea by reading what the Neighborhood Guild and the College Settlement have already done.

The name of College Settlement is a trifle misleading. You may join it though you have never seen the inside of a college. All that is needed is some medium of culture, a wish to help and to comprehend your fellow-man, along with a willingness to pay very moderate annual dues. Nor is there discrimination against women. Indeed, so far as the movement has gone, women have been among its most active exponents. Its seed-thought is the old commonplace, "Example is better than precept." To demonstrate it, for some four years past men and women of intelligence and refinement have lived among the people of the Tenth Ward. At 95 Rivington Street, in a roomy old-fashioned house, the young women of the College Settlement provide hot and cold baths, a reading-room, a play yard, and many other betterments for the women and children round about. Save for its spotless windows, there is no outward sign of difference from neighboring tenements. Within there are big rooms, cool and clean and home-like. Members of the settlement live in them three to six months at a time. They are chary of speech over the work. "If we talked about our neighbors—let them think we looked on them as subjects—we would lose our opportunity," they say. It is this element of personal consideration that differentiates the work from those pious and charitable ones in which the city so abounds. Kindergarten classes, sewing classes, girls' clubs, mothers' meetings, and social evenings are a few of the things to which the College Settlement has helped those round about it. Twice a week the small children come to play in the back yard, which is heaped with clean sand, and otherwise made delightful. The cost of maintenance is met by gifts, subscriptions, and annual dues, in addition to the board paid by resident members.

The Neighborhood Guild, at 147 Forsyth Street, was begun by Mr. Stanton Coit, some time a worker at Toynbee Hall. First he got rooms in a tenement, made them clean and comfortable, and set about winning the confidence of the tenement people. It was uphill work at first. After a while they began coming to him with their troubles. Then a boys' club was formed, and by his help enabled to rent a cellar and fit it properly for athletic sports. Clubs of men and women for all sorts of things followed quickly. Other men came to live and work with the founder. A whole house was taken and thrown open for the work of the guild. It is narrow and forbidding, with steep stairways and naked plaster, yet the rent is twelve hundred a year. Space is precious in this locality. It is estimated that two thousand souls are crowded into the block betwixt Rivington and Delancey streets, midway of which the guild house stands. All the first floor can, upon occasion, be thrown into one room. There are a piano there, an organ, and plenty of chairs, stools, and benches. Two kindergarten classes are taught in it five days each week. Fortnightly the dancing class trips merrily through a night. Clubs for girls and women meet there; so, too, do the men's clubs, for discussing all sorts of things—creeds and partisan politics excepted. Upstairs, the boys' room, where they bathe, smoke, play games, and go through athletic exercises, takes up the back of house. In front is the council-room, where special meetings are held and questions of policy decided. The rest of the house is given over to the house-keeper and accommodations for resident members, who pay five dollars a week for board.

For two years past Mr. Charles Stover has been at the head of the guild. Asked for results, he said:

"I cannot say honestly that the work has bettered the region, though it has unquestionably helped individuals. One trouble is the migratory character of the population round about. It is forever shifting, and as soon as an individual gets a taste for better things, he not unnaturally goes out from this squalor in search of them. What it would please me to accomplish would be so to influence them that they would take hold of their surroundings and try to better them. The most hopeful thing in all the work to me—worth all the clubs and kindergartens and athletic contests—was the way a dozen of our young fellows at the last election saw to the enforcement of the ballot reform law. We had discussed it here, and, after fair argument, they decided that it was just and helpful. In the ward here we have one of the densest populations known—about forty-three thousand souls. Three-quarters of them are Russian Hebrews, who are at the beginning of free government. They and their like can be helped to develop honest citizenship. That seems to me worth working for, for out of it must spring better social conditions."

The guild has come under control of the University Settlement, organized May 14th, with James W. Alexander as President; A. C. Bernheim, Treasurer; and J. B. Gilder, Secretary. Because Forsyth Street does not offer as large a house as is now needed, it will go elsewhere for a dwelling-place. Mr. Stover, however, will work independently along old lines in his chosen region. Later comers speak modestly of their hope to give the movement a larger opportunity. It will be very well for this republic if it shall so live and flourish that each half of society shall come to know somewhat of how the other half lives.

The list of names of those pledged to interest themselves in this new undertaking is large and noteworthy, and it is hoped that it will be still further enlarged during the summer months. Those who wish to know more, and help those who do know, should write to the secretary, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, at the office of the *Critic*, on Lafayette Place.

A SEA-SIDE FANCY.

I WOULD, O Sea, thy destinies were mine
To shape for one short day. I'd give to thee
The rest which I am sure thou'ldst not decline,
If thou to have thy way were wholly free.

This endless beating on the sandy shore,
This constant undulation on the deep,
The never-ceasing din of thy dull roar,
Do testify the vigil thou dost keep.

Methinks if thou couldst in quiescence lie
For one full day 'twere better for mankind—
For them that dwell the sounding coast hard by,
For them that homes unfathomable find.

And so I'd say, had I the sovereign power,
Were all that is subjected to my will
For but one day, one minute, or one hour,
"Whilst I am reigning, Sea, do thou be still."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THERE is probably nowhere in the United States where extremes meet as they do on the wharf at the foot of Twenty-Sixth Street on the east side of Manhattan Island. The wharf extends four or five hundred feet out into the river, but it is not a busy pier all day, and for hours you may see no one moving there except the pier hands. In nearing the wharf one passes Bellevue Hospital and its training-school, and the air is heavy with the smell of carbolic acid and other drugs. The passage to the wharf is through a large building, and on the side fronting the East River stands in large letters the words "Charities and Correction." There are two large rooms in the building, one being chiefly used by the women on their way to the islands up the river, and there is another room for men. If one went on the wharf when one of the steamers which run to the islands had just left, he would never surmise what is the chief traffic of this pier. On the left side, after the wharf is entered, is a flag-staff from which floats the colors of the New York Yacht Club—a blue flag with a red cross and a white star in the centre. A policeman in navy-blue serge sits beside the staff, ready to signal any yacht, or to receive a signal from the craft out in the river. There is nearly always a group or two of yachtsmen gathered about, waiting for friends, or discussing some topic of interest.

The long gray pier itself is covered along the sides and at the end with carts, milk cans, boxes, barrels, crates, bales, and other things, some being marked for Randall's Island, some for Hart's Island, others for Ward's Island, and some for Blackwell's Island. The carts are large two-wheeled contrivances, with short shafts, and a bar running across at the end; so you can see that men, not horses, draw these vehicles when they reach their respective islands.

Two boats run from the wharf every day, and their business is to convey the unfortunate and the criminals from the institutions and the prisons of New York city to the four islands, and also to carry their food, clothing, and the other necessaries of life. The Black Maria furnishes a larger traffic than any other conveyance that visits the pier, for New York city last year incarcerated over 51,000 persons, and a large portion of these passed through Bellevue's gates.

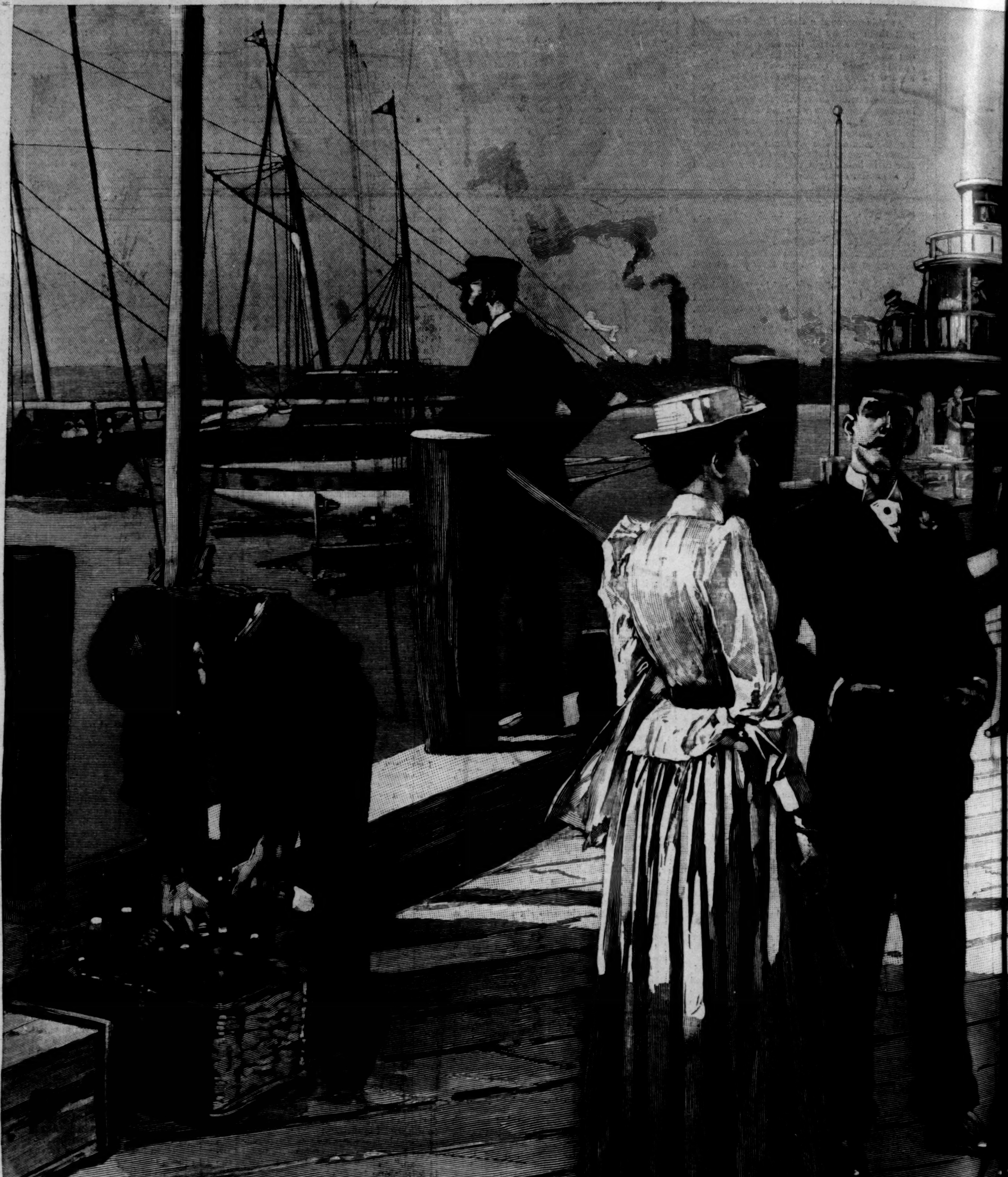
They come in the Black Maria, huddled together like cattle, often as many as eighteen and twenty at a time, though the pen can really accommodate only eight or ten, with bleared eyes, and often bruised faces, two or three being perched up on the seat beside the driver. They make a rather sharp contrast, as they bundle out of this moving prison, with the smart yachtsmen and their wives and daughters who have just landed from their yachts, or who are waiting on the wharf for their launches to come and take them on board. The male prisoners come out handcuffed in twos, but the women are guarded by policemen, who keep them in bunches, and make their escape back through the building impossible. Then comes a conveyance with a load of insane women, some of them singing and winding their arms; another consignment of persons who are unable to earn their bread is put off, and they are for the Charity Hospital; still another load is bundled out, and it is bound for the almshouse—and all are to be quartered on Blackwell's Island. The immigrant refugees who are ill and have failed to earn a livelihood in the great bustling city come here, very many at a time, jabbering in unknown tongues, unkempt and unwashed; insane men—and the number is great—are taken off every day, some of them subdued, and others wild and vociferous; dull-eyed idiots are taken from the conveyance and led, poor creatures, like cattle to the boats; and scores of sick babies, some of them gasping for pure air, and others dying of disease, are carried to the waiting steamer. These unfortunates all have tickets for Ward's Island, which is for them a heaven, because they have no care there, their bread and butter is guaranteed, and they breathe every day the stinging, salty, ozone-laden air of the sea. Still other loads of sick babies are taken from the 'busses for Randall's Island, and prisoners for whom they have no room at Blackwell's Island get a ticket for further up the river. There is a certain feeling of pride in the heart of the offender who goes to Randall's; he feels himself just a little superior to him who goes to Blackwell's. Hart's Island is never neglected, for there come to the wharf every day, bound thither, insane persons and those sentenced to the poor-house.

And one and all jostle each other—the millionaire and his wife and daughters; the smart and handsome girls who are invited to go cruising on the yachts which swing at their cables a short distance from the piers; the tourists who have heard about these island abodes of the wicked and the wretched. The friends of the unfortunate and the vile follow the conveyances down to the wharf, and I saw a few days ago a woman sob till she sank on the planks because her husband was taken to the workhouse. On the other side of the wharf was a trim and saucy yacht, with a long cool awning stretching over the deck, rattan chairs and luxurious cushions, polished brass everywhere, and spotless deck: and there was a party of about twenty men and women standing in a group. One girl, the prettiest in the lot, saw the unfortunate woman on the other side wringing her hands and heard her tell her tale of woe, so she stepped across and quietly put a bill in her hand, wiped away a dear human little tear, and stepped aboard the yacht.

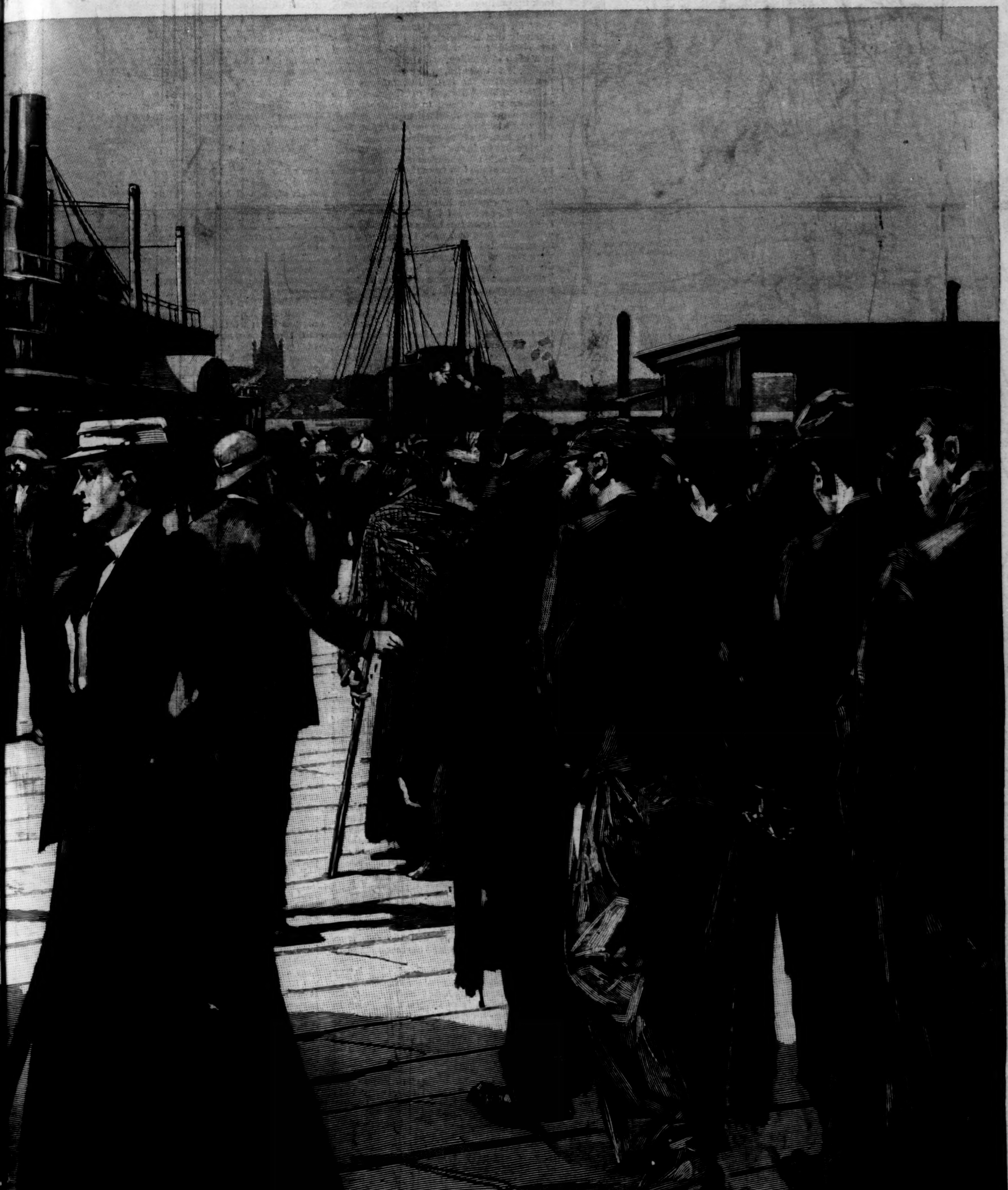
Here, too, Mr. Gerry sends the army of friendless, ill-treated, and deserted children which New York city every year produces. They are brought down sometimes by the score, and toddle off to the gang-plank, elbowing their way through the crowd. Sometimes a child is taken by Mr. Gerry's society if its parents do not properly care for it, and some mothers when sober follow their little ones down to the wharf, and beg to have them back. Not long ago a child tried to jump overboard to get back to its weeping mother; but it was much better in the care of the society.

Thousands of respectable excursionists go on the boats that carry freights of unfortunates and criminals. Most of the deck hands on the boats are those who have been sentenced to ten dollars or ten days, and they are dressed in blue denim jackets, straw hats, and, as a rule, gray trousers. The wharf hands are also convicts of ten days' or a month's sentence.

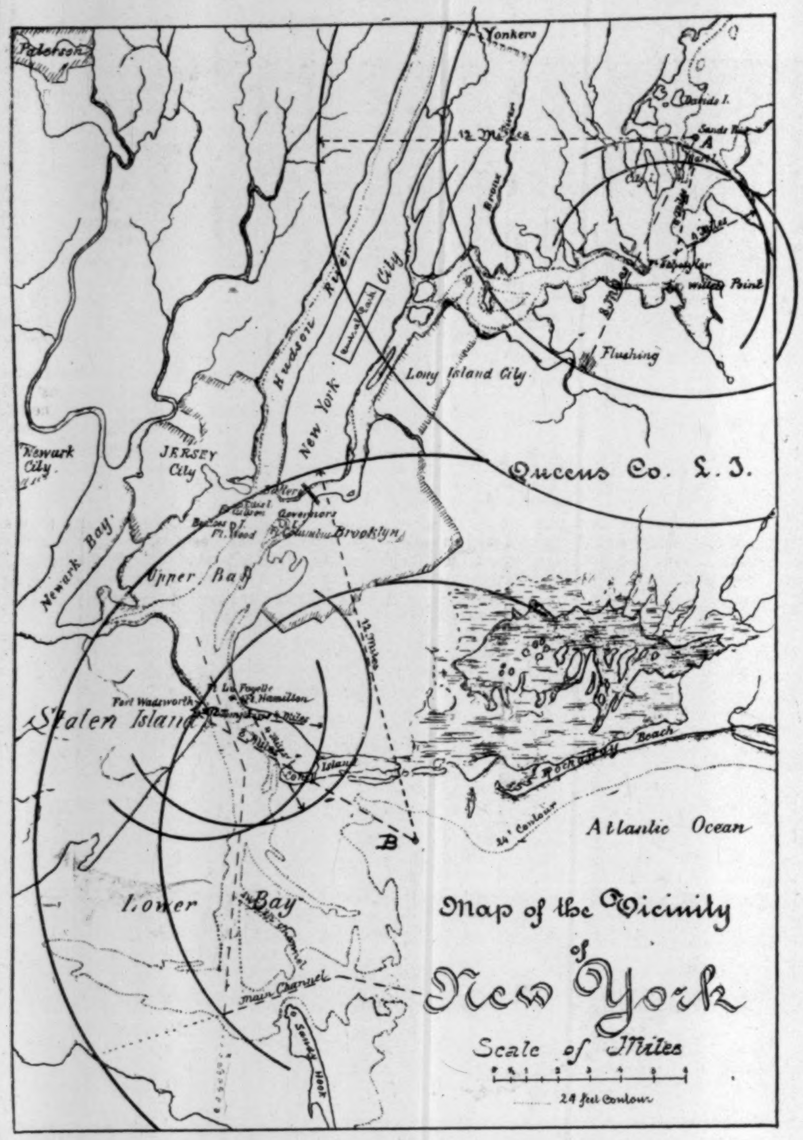
Here, indeed, is the gathering-ground of the rich and fashionable, the excursionist of middle class, the miserable, and the bad, where they jostle each other every day, always presenting the contrasts that exist in the life of this great city and in all human nature. Indeed, the Bellevue wharf is a miniature world of woe and happiness, and of the good and the bad.


THULSTRUP -91.

WHERE TWO ENDS MEET—SCENE ON THE PIER AT TWENTY-SIXTH S



H STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 615.]



Map of the Vicinity of New York

THE DEFENCE OF NEW YORK.

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. R. KING,
COMMANDING FORT AT WILLETS POINT, AND ENGINEER DEPOT.

> "It would be an easy task for five well-armored ships to steam up the North River and force the payment of $100,000,000 from the city of New York."—*Extract from the speech of Admiral Walker, Commander of the White Squadron, at the banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce.*

SOON after the close of the great war for the Union all interest in military affairs appeared to fade away, and not only were the permanent defences of the country neglected, but even the ordinary muster and evolutions of the State troops were either omitted altogether, or were attended to in the most careless and imperfect manner. This was but the natural relaxation from the high pressure at which all things military had been carried during the four years' struggle for the preservation of the Union.

Gradually this state of things began to improve, and after the low ebb came a return tide of interest in the National Guard, followed by a revival of attention to the question of fortifications. Many interesting articles were written on the subject, and such monographs as "The End of New York," by Park Benjamin; "Our Sea-coast Defences," by Captain Griffin, United States Engineers; and more recently, "The War of the Syndicate," by Stockton; and the New York *Herald* special articles on the subject, have brought the defects of our defensive system prominently before the public. Public opinion, however, is like a pendulum, and swings both sides of the mark. While it is well "to know the worst and provide for it," we should also "know the whole truth." No one will claim that our forts are what they ought to be, and it is equally absurd to say that they are worthless.

The prevailing idea that immense sums of money have been expended for fortifications, and that the work would all have to be done over again in order to make an efficient defence is wrong in several respects. The entire amount spent on fortifications from 1824 to the present time—covering a period of sixty-seven years, or more than two generations—has been less than $75,000,000, or about three-fourths of the annual expenditure at the present time for pensions, and this sum not only covers the cost of the forts themselves, but of the land occupied by them, and all that has been paid for modifications and preservation and repairs. Of this sum between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 were expended on account of fortifications for New York Harbor.

The forts as they now exist are very far from being worthless property aside from their value as sea-coast defences, and it is probable that many of them would now sell for nearly or quite as much as they have cost, the sites having become extremely valuable from the fact that in many cases the cities they were built to defend have grown around them to such an extent as to greatly enhance the value of the real estate. Sea-coast forts now require, as they always have required, a land front, to prevent capture by boating-parties who might land at a safe distance from the sea-coast guns, and by a short detour attack them from the rear. Many of our forts had these land fronts with ditches and flanking arrangements so well designed that they will answer all the purposes of modern fortifications almost as well as though they had been recently constructed. In fact, if new sites were selected, these land fronts would now have to be built.

But even the water-fronts, on which the channel-bearing guns are mounted, are not by any means useless, nor would they be as easily knocked to pieces as many intelligent people seem to imagine. A few experiments on the proving-ground, supplemented by fine-spun theories and the progressive timidity that results from prolonged peace, tend to obliterate the ideas and opinions that prevail in war-time, just as the vocations and allurements of peace tend to emasculate the martial spirit of entire nations. Let it be stated that some new gun has perforated so many inches of steel or of sand, and it is at once assumed that this is a rule rather than an exception, which it is almost certain to be, since service conditions are seldom if ever attained even approximately in proving-ground experiments.

Our forts are so well protected from landing-parties that we need only consider what would take place in case of bombardment from the water. In case of war a sufficient force of the National Guard could be distributed and securely entrenched in commanding positions, so as to support the garrison of every fort on our coast, and thus prevent anything like a siege or even the landing of siege trains. Any troops that might be landed by surprise or under cover of the fire of a fleet would be promptly driven back to their boats or captured.

To show that a bombardment of one or more of our forts by a modern fleet would not be altogether a one-sided affair, we have several comparatively recent illustrations—viz., the bombardment of Fort Sumter by Admiral Dupont in 1863, of Fort Fisher in 1865 by Admiral Porter, and the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet under Admiral Seymour in 1882. Without going into details, the salient facts of these bombardments may be stated as follows: Fort Sumter was an unfinished brick fort designed when the old 10-inch smooth-bore was the heaviest ordnance to be feared. Just at the time, iron-clad ships had come into existence, and the 15-inch Rodman guns, as well as the 100-pounder, 200-pounder, and 300-pounder Parrott rifles, had been made. Admiral Dupont appeared before the fort *with nine of the best ironclads* we then had, took up positions at 550 to 2000 yards range, and began firing deliberately at the fort. Now all proving-ground data showed conclusively that the brick walls of Fort Sumter should have been promptly reduced to a heap of rubbish, and the garrison decimated, if not *bisected*, by the terrible fire directed against the fort. But "things were in the saddle," instead of theories. The stubborn walls refused to crumble, and the garrison not only declined to be killed off, but replied vigorously to the fire of the fleet, until it hauled off to repair damages. The total casualties in the fort were 5 men wounded, *none* killed. The fleet fired 139 heavy projectiles at the fort from the 23 heavy guns of the ironclads, while the fort, with 40 guns, fired 810 shots at the fleet. Fort Moultrie and other earthen batteries were engaged, and the fleet received 439 hits during the action, which lasted two hours and twenty minutes. The fleet had only 1 man killed and 22 wounded, but several of the ironclads were seriously damaged, and the fleet withdrew, the last shots being fired from the forts. The attack was not renewed by the fleet, and notwithstanding the terrific hammering Fort Sumter had received, "it had scarcely lost any of its fighting capacity or real efficiency; and had the fight been renewed next day, the fort could have done better than the day before, the armament being actually increased in weight on the sea-face by some removals and changes in the night." (Report of Major Johnson, late C. S. Engineer.)

Fort Sumter was afterwards subjected to three terrific bombardments from shore batteries, the fire being directed against the gorge, which has naturally the weakest face, and the fire was kept up for 117 days, during which 40,171 projectiles were fired at the fort; but although the walls were badly crumbled and knocked entirely out of their original shape, the garrison was able to repair damages from time to time, and repel with great slaughter an assault made by a large storming-party in boats. The work was never untenable, and the entire loss during this prolonged bombardment was 48 killed, including 24 killed by accidents (13 by fall of flooring, and 11 killed by explosion of magazine), a loss frequently exceeded in almost forgotten skirmishes during the war.

This shows that even a most defective permanent work is not to be despised, and we may now inquire as to the effect of bombardment on earthworks.

Fort Fisher, an unfinished earthwork at the mouth of Cape Fear River, was twice bombarded by the fleet of Admiral Porter in 1864 and '65.

On the first occasion the fleet consisted of 33 vessels, and fired at the rate of 115 shot and shell per minute for about 4½ hours, at the end of which time, although the guns of the fort had been silenced, the fort itself was practically uninjured. At the second bombardment the fleet was still larger, and no less than 50,000 projectiles were hurled against the fort, but it remained tenable, and was only captured after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in an assault of the land-front by overwhelming numbers.

The defences of Alexandria, in Egypt, consisted of some 13 works of various kinds, some having stone scarps, and all having parapets of sand from 12 to 32 feet thick. They were fairly well armed, and were garrisoned by the half-civilized followers of Arabi Pasha. The most powerful guns in the forts were 5 10-inch rifles. The forts were scattered along the coast for a distance of about nine miles. There were only 3 complete modern works; the balance were either obsolete or unfinished. The forts were not in supporting distance, had too few traverses, no bomb-proofs, and too much masonry exposed.

The English fleet consisted of 8 heavy ironclads and 5 unarmored gun vessels. The fleet was armed with 102 heavy guns, the calibres ranging from 16 inch rifles down to 7 inches, and including also a large number of quick-fire and machine guns. To make a fair comparison of the armaments, it may be stated that the forts had 37 rifles of 7 to 10 inch calibre, while the fleet had 74 rifles of from 7 to 16 inch calibre; in other words, the fleet had double the number of rifled guns, and the heaviest of them were more than twice as powerful as the heaviest gun mounted in the forts.

The fleet chose its time and points of attack, and opened fire at ranges varying from 800 to 4000 yards. The bombardment lasted over eight hours, and during that time 3198 heavy projectiles were propelled by 66 tons of powder against the forts and batteries. That considerable damage was done to the armament of the forts goes without saying, but after a careful survey by experienced officers, it was found that the damage done by the heaviest projectiles was very much less than the proving-ground theories had indicated. Captain Walford, R.A., who made a careful examination of the effect of each shot immediately after the bombardment, states:

"If we consider the great size and weight of the majority of the projectiles used against the forts of Alexandria, and further realize the velocity at which these masses of metal were travelling at the moment of impact, together with the capacity of the common shell, and the consequent amount of their bursting charges [60 pounds of powder making the loaded shell weigh 1700 pounds], we cannot, I think, fail to be astonished at the small effect that such powerful missiles have produced on the sand parapets, especially when we remember that the latter were, in many cases, according to modern theory, far too weak to afford any real protection. It is a fact, and one on which too much stress cannot be laid, that in only one instance was any one of the parapets pierced by a shell from the fleet."

Arabi Pasha was supposed to have had from 7000 to 12,000 men in the forts, and his loss was estimated at from 280 to 350 men, a large proportion of whom were killed by the explosion of an improperly built magazine.

It is thus seen that a powerful fleet of ironclads, sent out by the first naval power of the earth, was unable to destroy the unfinished fortifications of a weak and bankrupt state, garrisoned by a rebellious faction of that state. Had the guns of the forts been manned by patriotic Anglo-Saxons, it is more than likely that they would not have been silenced, certainly not without a much greater loss on the part of the fleet.

The lesson of these three bombardments is certainly very decidedly in favor of forts against fleets; and as our forts are, or very soon may be, made much better able to defend themselves than either Fort Sumter or the forts at Alexandria, it is an error to pronounce them worthless. There is no doubt as to the value of almost any permanent work properly located, armed, and manned, and in case of an attack by a foreign fleet nearly every work that we now have would be turned to some account. Even if we should admit, as is sometimes contended, that a man would be safer *outside* of a stone fort than *inside*, there are plenty of men who would take the chances to stand by the guns. The effect of heavy projectiles against men in forts is vastly less than that of small-arms in the field, as will be seen from the fact that the weight of metal fired at Fort Sumter must have amounted to about 2000 tons, while there were only 48 men killed, although protected by nothing better than brick walls, and by such temporary cover as could be improvised from timber and sand-bags. It has been said that a soldier in battle requires his own weight in lead to kill him, but here is the enormous weight of 40 tons of metal expended for every man killed, even including those killed by accident.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the most perfect fort or ship that human ingenuity has invented is not invulnerable. A turret or casemate of steel, however thick, may still be disabled by an unlucky shot, either by its entering through an embrasure, or by striking the projecting muzzle of a gun.

Absolute invulnerability is therefore a thing unattainable, and the problem of defence is to build forts, or strengthen those already built, so that the garrison will be reasonably well protected. A war in which no one on our side could get hurt would hardly possess that thrilling interest generally associated with martial events. Soldiers enlisted in such a war would be like the "Home Guard" that was organized on condition that "it was not to leave its native town—unless the enemy came there." But the defences of New York could be very much improved without incurring the criticism of being *too safe*. In fact, they are greatly in need of radical improvement to make them reasonably safe as defences, or reasonably efficient for offensive purposes.

Probably most people who take enough interest in the subject of sea-coast defences to read this article have been through the Narrows, and know the names and locations of Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, Wadsworth, and Tompkins. If they have been up the East River, they are doubtless familiar with the location of Fort Schuyler and the fort at Willets Point, while Castle Williams and Fort Columbus on Governor's Island are too well known to require an introduction. It will also be apparent to any thoughtful person that these last two works are too near the city to be of much practical use, and that, like Fort Wood on Bedlow's Island, and Fort Gibson on Ellis Island, they might be abandoned without serious loss to the defence of New York.

The chart shows positions at A and B that could be taken by an enemy's fleet, where it would be beyond the effective range of existing batteries, and yet be near enough to annoy us with his long-range guns. It should be noted that the arcs showing the limits of range give the enemy the extreme range that could be attained with his guns at the most favorable elevation. This would require a special arrangement of his gun-carriages, which ordinarily allow only 12 to 15 degrees of elevation, whereas about 40 degrees would be required.

Of the forts at the Narrows, Fort Lafayette, which was once the most important work, is now in ruins. Fort Hamilton on the east, and Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins on the west, side of the channel, with their earthen batteries, have come down from a former generation; but in case of war they would be very far from useless, even in their present condition, and they are susceptible of being brought up to date at a moderate cost. At Sandy Hook an extensive casemated work was begun many years ago, but was never completed. It could, however, be utilized for several purposes in case of necessity.

On the East River entrance Fort Schuyler is much the older work, having been begun in 1833, while the work at Willets Point was not fairly begun until 1861.

These forts were originally designed to fight wooden ships, and when the earliest of them were built there were no war vessels propelled by steam in existence.

The forts were chiefly armed with 32 and 42 pounder smooth-bore guns, whose effective range against wooden ships was about 2000 yards. In those days want of room to mount the large number of guns required casemates, or the tier upon tier method of construction. It is very doubtful whether these forts would have stopped a fleet of sailing vessels of that period under a determined commander like Admiral Farragut, who would sacrifice a few ships in order to capture a great city. Passive obstructions, such as booms and rafts, were thought of to retain the enemy under fire, but torpedoes were not considered as an element of the defence, although they had been tried many years earlier by Robert Fulton and others.

In addition to the modernizing of the existing forts in New York Harbor a new element of defence will be introduced in the shape of mortar batteries. As is well known, the mortar, or "bombard," was one of the earliest forms of cannon, and dates almost as far back as gunpowder itself. Not only so, but very large mortars were cast, and as long ago as 1857 a mortar was made in England carrying a shell 36 inches in diameter, and weighing, with its bursting charge, 3000 pounds. A little later Armstrong introduced the *rifled* mortar, which has recently come so prominently into notice on account of its great range and accuracy.

The method of using mortars in sea-coast defence is to mount a large number of them in deep pits where they will be safe from direct fire, and, after having obtained with one mortar the range of one or more of the enemy's ships, to fire a volley from the entire battery with the same charge and in the same direction, so as to cover several thousand square yards of space, and thus multiply the chances of sinking the ships. This is something on the shot-gun principle, but as the shells weigh over 600 pounds, and fall from a height of from 1000 to 4000 yards, the penetrating effect is very great. As the decks of the heaviest ironclads are only about 4½ inches thick, and have an area of nearly *half an acre* each, the probability of sinking as well as of striking a ship with a battery of mortars is excellent, while the mortars themselves and the gunners who serve them are comparatively safe. This is *not* magnificent, but it *is* war.

It is proposed to have mortar batteries so located as to command not only the channels of approach to our harbors, but also the positions likely to be occupied by an enemy's fleet in bombarding our forts or cities, as, for example, at A and B on the chart.

Another important element of offensive power to be added to our forts is the modern high-power rifle of from 8 to 12 inches calibre, and perhaps larger, these guns being very long, and using slow-burning powder, so as to give a very high initial velocity and a correspondingly long range, without overstraining the gun itself. Some idea of the enormous increase in range obtained with modern guns may be had from the "jubilee shot," so called, because it was fired in July, 1887, at Shoeburyness, during the Queen's Jubilee. This shot was fired from a 9.2-inch rifle, and attained a range of 21,800 yards, or more than 12 miles, and at its highest point was over 4 miles above the earth. This is the longest range on record, and would, of course, be of no practical use except in bombarding a city or some other extensive target. The chances of hitting a ship or a fort at that distance would be very slim; but it is desirable to have at least a few long-range guns to prevent a ship which carries such guns from taking up a position beyond reach of our guns, and annoying us from a safe distance. It is to be noted that with guns of equal power a fort would have the advantage of a ship in both range and accuracy of fire. The range would be greater, because guns on ships are seldom so mounted as to allow firing at high angles of elevation, while the accuracy of fire would be greater on account of the more stable platform in the fort. The rolling motion of a ship has been known to cause such inaccuracy of fire that a broadside at close range would do no damage whatever to the enemy, the shot passing harmlessly over, or into the water beneath, him.

One of the greatest dangers heretofore has been that an enemy in swift armor-clad ships would disregard the forts, and rush past them into our harbors. But this is now provided against by the use of fixed torpedoes, whose mission it is to hold the enemy in check until the guns or movable torpedoes can get in their work. The torpedoes must be planted, if possible, under the guns of the forts, so that their removal by the enemy would require him to come within the effective range of our batteries. The exact location of the torpedoes would, of course, be unknown to the enemy, and the mere suspicion of their existence would inspire due caution on his part. It is pretty well settled by the best naval as well as military authorities that no commander of a ship or fleet would be justified in disregarding a torpedo blockade, or in attempting to remove such obstructions as long as their shore connections are held by the defence.

In what has preceded it has been attempted to show that our defences, although imperfect, are not altogether worthless, and that even our masonry forts could be utilized in case of necessity, since plenty of men will be found to face even greater dangers than would be involved in standing by the guns in those works. This, however, is not an argument in favor of leaving our defences in their present state. On the contrary, it would be cheaper for the country, even considered as a question of dollars, to put these defences in a defensive condition, so that our soldiers would have a reasonable protection, and meet the enemy on at least equal terms. But this would be a very imperfect view to take of the subject. The honor and dignity of the country demand that our sea-coast defences should be put in such a state of efficiency as to *discourage* rather than *invite* attack, and there is no reasonable doubt of the perfect feasibility of placing all our important seaports in such a secure condition of defence that no attack will be made upon them, and this at a cost far less than the cost of pensions resulting from a war forced upon us, or rather invited, by our penurious and short-sighted policy.

The soldier risks his life in the defence of his country, and it is the country's duty to give him the proper *tools and shelter at the time;* not to get him maimed or killed, and then pension him or his widow twenty years later.

A SUNFLOWER.

BENEATH a Southern heaven
We lived four sunny years,
Without one anger-levin,
Without one mist of tears.

We loved—a love unspoken,
A love not once impure.
The pledge, unmade, unbroken,
Will long as life endure.

And though to others wedded
Before our loves begun,
Our lives have never dreaded
The witness of the sun.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT DETROIT.

THE twenty-fifth annual encampment, or "silver anniversary," of the Grand Army of the Republic was opened at Detroit on Tuesday, August 4th. Admirable preparations had been made for the comfortable entertainment of the veterans. On the day before the formal opening business was practically suspended in the city, which devoted itself to the reception of the arriving guests, and the streets were filled with the sounds of martial music and the tramp of marching men. The town was profusely decked out for the occasion, with the principal streets flaming with the national colors in every design, and their vistas almost obscured by immense flags and shields and other patriotic emblems cross-strung from the house fronts. The business places were generally decorated, and many private residences on the main street were literally hid from view under the mass of flags and bunting. There were four magnificent arches along the line of march, bearing appropriate inscriptions; and a suspension-bridge across Woodward Avenue, supported by towers resting upon the curb-stones, was hung with flags, streamers, and bunting, and illuminated with blue incandescent lights at night, while from it were suspended portraits of famous veterans set off by appropriate mottoes. The triumphal arch spanning Fort Street, near Griswold, was surmounted by an elaborate floral display of tropical plants, and from it during the parade forty-four beautiful girls showered bouquets upon the veterans passing beneath. The City Hall in the evening was brilliantly illuminated.

On Tuesday, at 10.30 A.M., the veterans were all in array, and the firing of a salute from a United States steamer announced the order to march. Commander-in-chief Veazey headed the line, and after an hour's parade reviewed the army as they passed before the grand stand on Woodward Avenue. It was one of the finest processions in the history of the Grand Army organization. The day was hot but pleasant, and for six hours the fifteen thousand men in line marched, their route in parade and review covering a distance of five miles. The town was thronged with visitors, and many more veterans were present than those seen in the ranks. Upon the reviewing-stand, with General Veazey and his staff, were Secretaries Proctor and Tracy, General Miles, Assistant Secretary Bussey, of the Interior Department, ex-President Hayes, and many noted Congressmen, Governors of States, and ex-Commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army.

Out of respect to the memory of Dr. B. F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Illinois Division was given the honor of the right of march. The Wisconsin Division bore upon a flag-staff the stuffed eagle, Old Abe, which in life accompanied the soldiers of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the war. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, Indiana, and, above all, Ohio, were well represented among the visiting States. Many ex-Governors and other high officials marched in the ranks during the early parade, afterwards taking a place upon the reviewing-stand. With the division from his State was Ex-President Hayes, who was greeted with great and continued applause as he marched with his post of Fremont, Ohio. Michigan naturally contributed the most men to the parade. The naval veterans and the Sons of Veterans brought up the rear and closed the procession. Later in the day, after the parade had been dismissed, Ex-President Hayes, in behalf of the Grand Army, presented to General Veazey at headquarters a superb diamond badge.

On Wednesday, August 5th, the encampment met in formal session in the great hall assigned for their use, which was superbly decorated. At the head of the hall, over the platform, was a large Grand Army badge flanked by American flags, and in the rear the Grand Seal of the United States, set also among national emblems. The balconies were draped with garnet silk plush embroidered with silk and gold, and about the walls and roof trusses, draped in cream-colored bunting, the seals of all the States and Territories were set amid a profusion of banners and other decorations. Clusters of incandescent lights at the foot of each truss by night illuminated the interior, to which they gave the enhanced effect of their glowing beauty. The hall was crowded to its full capacity by the multitude of veterans profoundly interested in the important questions relating to their order to be settled upon this occasion. The Commander-in-chief formally opened the encampment, and at the roll-call of the departments every State and Territory in the Union, including Alaska, was found to be represented, while the aggregate number of delegates comprised the largest attendance that has come together in the history of the organization.

In his address the Commander-in-chief recommended that his successor be empowered to create separate departments for negro veterans in Louisiana and some of the other Southern States, approved generally the bill passed by the Fifty-first Congress known as the disability bill, commending it as liberal in its provisions, even if faulty in some respects, and favored an amendment of the statutes enlarging the scope in which service shall count in procuring government appointments. In his reference to the distinguished veterans who have died during the year, he included a feeling tribute to the late ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.

The Surgeon-General's report, showing the number of deaths in the order during the past year, recorded the deaths of William Tecumseh Sherman, David D. Porter, Charles Devens, E. F. Noyes, John W. Fuller, John McNeill, and Richard C. Fabin. A letter from the Commissioner of Pensions stated that the number of pensioners upon the rolls on May 31, 1891, was 630,394, those of the civil war comprising 481,356 army and navy invalids and 115,224 widows, the remainder being survivors or widows drawing pensions on account of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. To pay these pensioners will cost during the present fiscal year about $115,000,000.

The Adjutant-General's report showed that on August 14, 1890, there were on the rolls of the order 44 departments, with 7185 posts and 397,941 comrades in good standing. The consolidated report of the Adjutant-General for the period ending June 30, 1891, as far as the returns—as yet incomplete—have been received, shows 45 departments, with 7409 posts and 398,067 comrades in good standing.

The Wednesday afternoon session was devoted almost wholly to discussion as to the place where the next encampment should be held, the contest lying between Washington, D.C., and Lincoln, Nebraska. After long and animated debate, the matter was settled on the first ballot, Washington being selected by a majority of twenty-seven votes. The day and evening were devoted to camp fires and reunions of regimental, brigade, and other veteran associations, and in the evening there was a grand river display of pyrotechnics.

On Thursday Captain John Palmer, of Albany, New York, was, on the second ballot, elected Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and his election was enthusiastically made unanimous. Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan, was, by acclamation, chosen Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief; T. S. Clarkson, of Nebraska, was elected Junior Vice-Commander-in-chief; and S. B. Payne, of Florida, was elected Chaplain. Surgeon-General Benjamin P. Stevenson, of Connecticut, was re-elected by acclamation.

Captain Palmer, the newly elected Commander-in-chief, was born on Staten Island, March 22, 1842, and has an excellent war record. He enlisted in the Ninety-first New York Volunteers, September 10, 1861, and was constantly with that regiment until it was mustered out, July 3, 1865, taking part in all its engagements. He was seriously injured at the battle of Five Forks in the combined charge of cavalry and infantry. By force of his soldierly qualities, he attained successively the grades of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, adjutant, and captain. Since the war he has been engaged in the fresco-painting and decorating business at Albany, New York. He is one of the best-known and most popular members of the order of his State, is a charter member of Lew Benedict Post No. 5, Department of New York, and was for several terms commander of this post, which, with headquarters at Albany, is one of the largest and most influential posts in the country. He was twice elected Commander of the Department of New York, and in 1879 was chosen Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief, acquitting himself with credit in all these important positions. Being thus placed in the direct line of promotion to the highest office in the Grand Army, his election was assured the moment the delegates from New York determined to unite upon him as their choice. He is a forcible speaker, a good presiding officer at Department and National Conventions, and has frequently been placed at the head of important committees by both State and National encampments.

The business sessions of the Grand Army were closed upon Thursday, August 6th. The most momentous and difficult question that the Convention was called upon to meet was that outlined in the address of General Veazey, referring to Grand Army posts of negro veterans. Prior to 1889 the comrades of the then existing posts in the Southern States were wholly or nearly all composed of white men. The establishment of nine negro posts in Louisiana led to difficulties in the matter of social recognition and general harmony which, strongly indicated at the last encampment, came to a focus this year. The issue to be determined was whether, in response to the wishes of the white Southern veterans, separate departments should be instituted in certain States for the negro Grand Army posts.

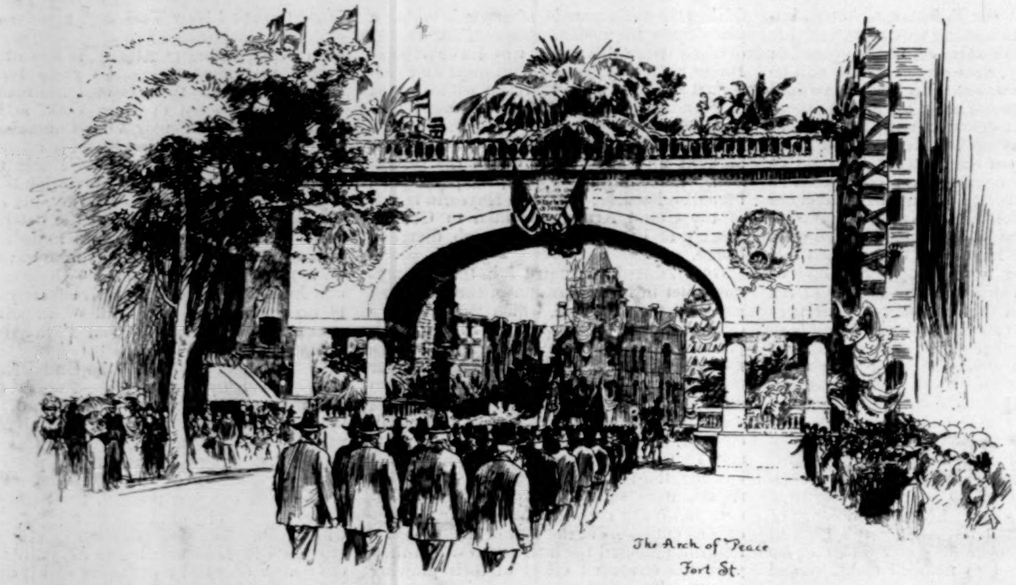
The Judge-Advocate, in an elaborate opinion, said that such a proceeding would be unlawful. This race problem was fully discussed in the encampment on Thursday afternoon, the cause of the negro veterans being specially championed by ex-Congressman William Warner, of Missouri, Past Commander-in chief. The encampment finally, by an overwhelming *viva voce* vote, pronounced against the institution of separate departments for negro veterans, and the empowering of the Commander-in-chief to organize new or provisional departments in States in which there are organized departments. The effect of this action is to break down all race distinction in the departmental divisions and formal association of the white and the negro veterans within the Grand Army.

The committees on monuments to Generals John A. Logan and Philip Sheridan reported that the Logan Monument Fund now reaches about $65,000, and is closed. For the Sheridan monument, $50,000 is in hand. The report on the Grant Monument Fund showed that this fund, which in 1890 amounted to $11,307 80, had been augmented only $237 91 during the last year. Of this amount, $226 16 was derived as interest on the present fund, so that the actual increase by donation had been but $11 75. This sum was reported as having been given by the State of Minnesota. An appropriation was made for keeping in repair the cottage at Mount McGregor. Past Commander-in-chief Burdett, of Washington, presented a report deprecating the action of members in endeavoring to secure the influence of the organization towards interference in matters belonging to the various departments of the government. The attempt to change the rules so as to read that "those who did not voluntarily bear arms against the United States" are entitled to membership of the Grand Army was defeated.

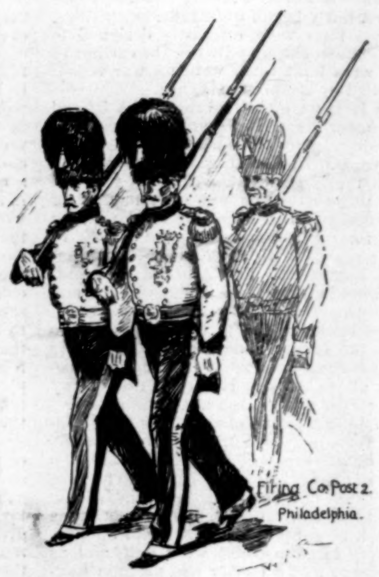
This grand reunion was the occasion of many lesser ones, eight national organizations having improved the occasion to hold their meetings. A committee of the National Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War reported a bill to be presented at the next session of Congress in behalf of the soldiers who were in prison for a period of not less than sixty days, providing that they shall receive from the government $2 for every day of their confinement. The society known as the Comrades of the Battle-field met, and effected a national organization, with the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. Other reunions were those of the United States Veteran Signal Corps, and of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The ninth annual convention of the Women's Relief Corps was held at this time, and the rapid growth of this auxiliary order was indicated both by the reports of its officers and by the large attendance. The Sons of Veterans organization has continued its former rapid growth during the past year, thirty-two States and Territories having been organized into divisions, with more than twenty-five hundred subordinate corps; and over fifty thousand members have been mustered in since June 30, 1890.

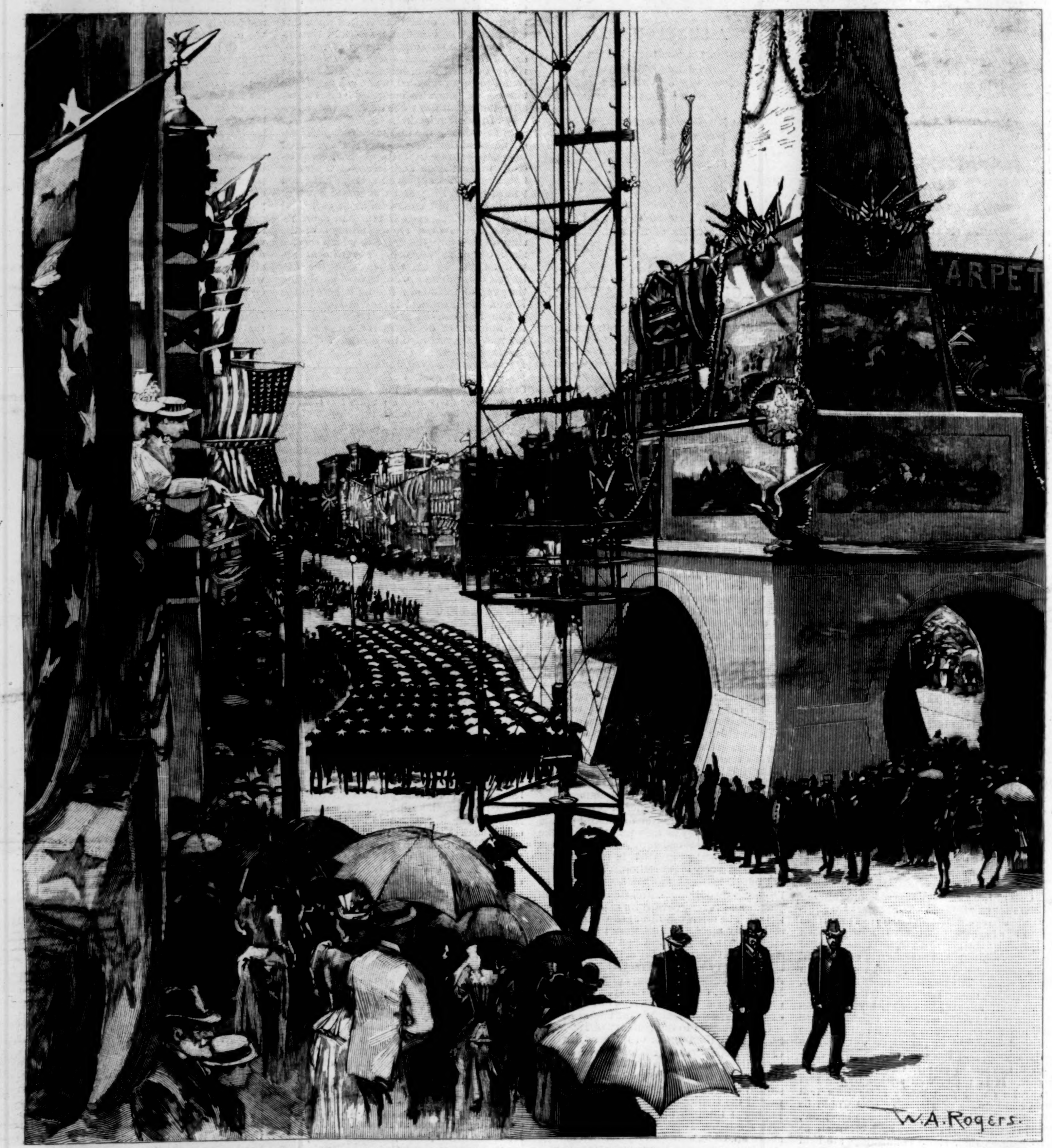
Many pleasant social features accompanied this vast gathering, including a great picnic at Bellisle Park, attended by over ten thousand comrades and their friends, who during the event listened to speeches by ex-Senator Palmer, ex-President Hayes, and General Miles. There were camp fires and reunions every evening, and on Friday many of the visitors to the city made excursions to Put-in-Bay, Lake St. Clair, and other points on the river. Taken altogether, the "silver anniversary" of the Grand Army of the Republic was one of the most satisfactory and gratifying, as it has been one of the greatest, in the history of this vast and patriotic organization.



The Arch of Peace
Fort St

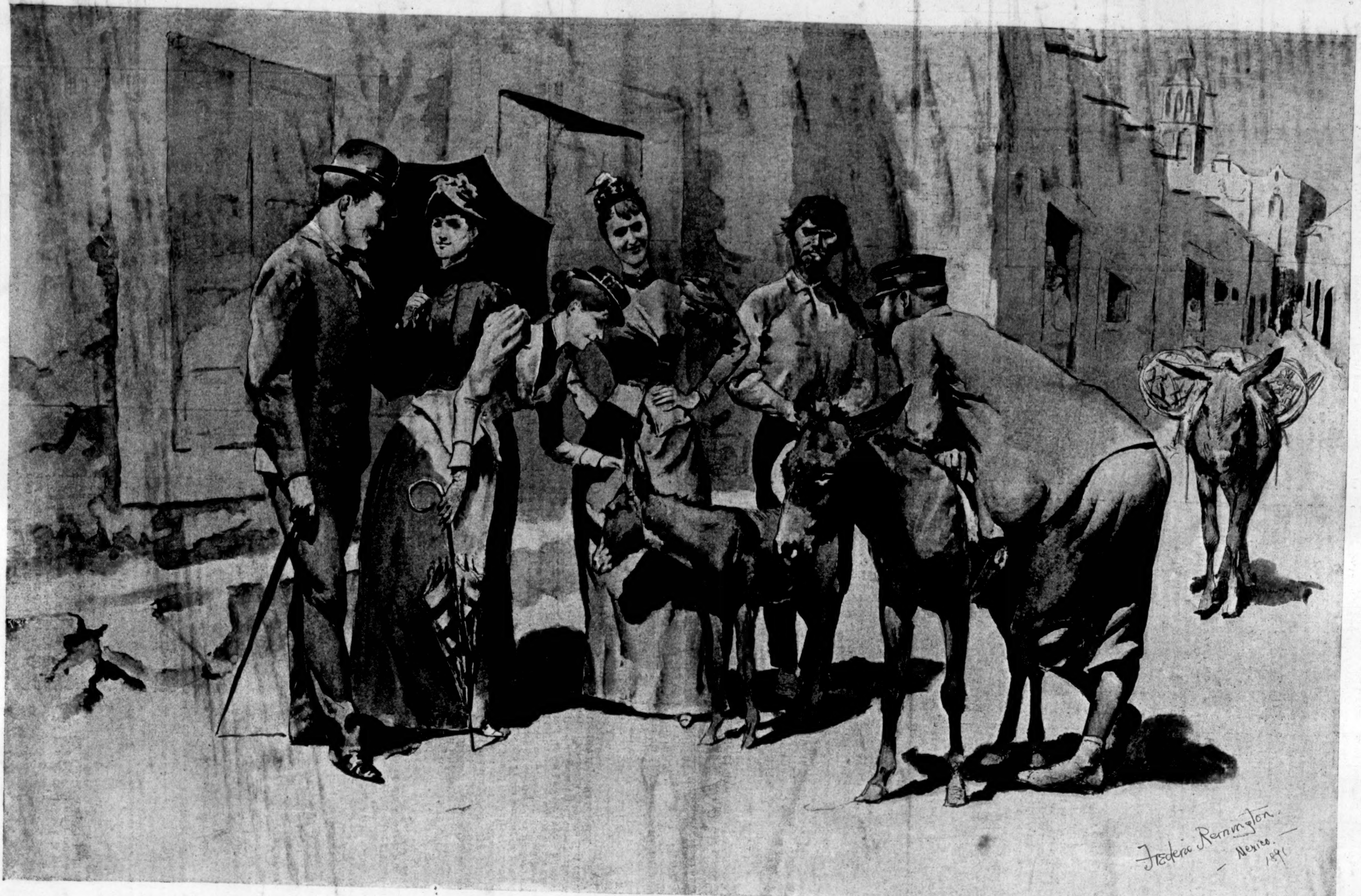


Firing Co. Post 2.
Philadelphia.

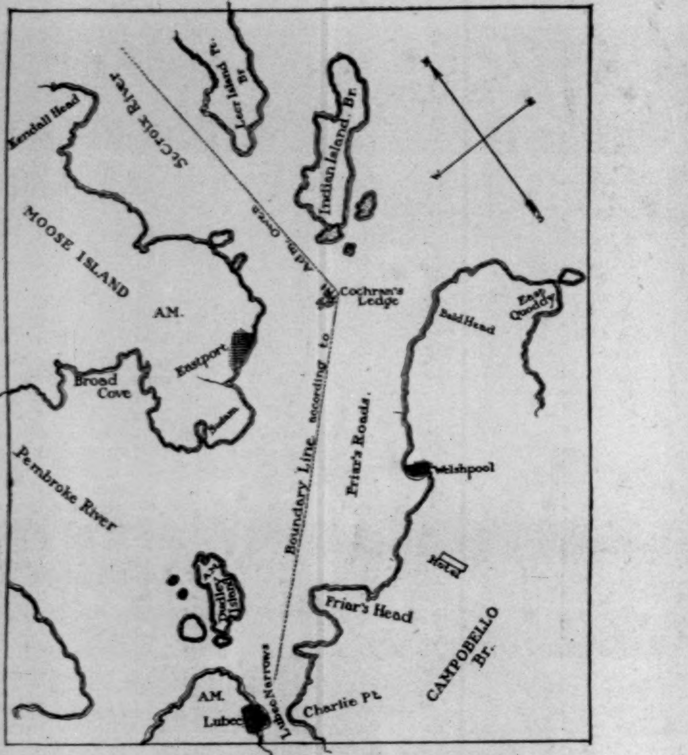


AT THE TOWER OF TRIUMPH, JEFFERSON AND WOODWARD AVENUES.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT DETROIT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers after Photographs by Tomlinson, Detroit.—[See Page 619.]


Frederic Remington.
Mexico.
1891

AMERICAN TOURISTS IN MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



COCHRAN'S LEDGE, WHERE THE AMERICAN FISHING-BOATS WERE SEIZED.

THE LATE SEIZURE OF AMERICAN FISHING-BOATS.

BY LIEUTENANT J. HUTCHINSON SCOTT, U.S.M.

THE recent trouble on the coast of Maine, caused by the seizure of American fishermen by the British cruiser *Dream*, was caused by the uncertainty of the location of the line.

The town of Eastport being only one mile away from the Island of Campobello at the farthest point, and the town of Lubec within one hundred yards, a definite and well-defined boundary should have been located. But on account of the depth of water, there being from seventeen to twenty-four fathoms, it is very hard to locate any particular spot without the aid of buoys.

According to Admiral Owens's chart (survey by royal navy), this boundary is a line drawn from Dooches Island down the St. Croix River to a shoal place in Friar's Roads known as Cochran's Ledge, and from there to the middle of Lubec Narrows. This is the line established by the English, and marked on their charts. It was surveyed in 1847; and by their own charts it is evident that the men were in American waters.

Now in fogs, which are of such frequent occurrence in the Bay of Fundy, some lasting for eighteen or twenty days, it is impossible to locate this line except by soundings; and as Cochran's Ledge is nothing but a spot with one or two fathoms on it less than the surrounding bottom, it is extremely difficult to locate its exact position without the accurate use of a hand-lead. The fishermen using their lines, which are not marked for fathoms, cannot arrive at such accuracy.

For some reason, maybe on account of the nature of the bottom, the fish remain near this shoal-ground known as Cochran's Ledge, or nearer to the British shore than to the American.

About the middle of July, and during a fog, a large number of American fishermen put out from Eastport to ply their vocation, and while fishing in what they claim to be American waters were seized by the British cruiser *Dream*, whose captain claimed they were fishing in British waters, thereby violating the law, and accordingly seized seven of the vessels; and as the vessels sailed for Eastport, the last two were seized while in American waters and close in to the wharves of Eastport. The crews were landed, and their vessels taken to St. Andrews and sold at public auction.

International law, according to Woolsey's interpretation, allows a nation's vessels to chase a foreigner that has violated their laws out into the high seas and there seize her, but does not allow her to be seized in the waters belonging to a foreign country.

When the news circulated through the town of Eastport, the inhabitants of which are mostly fishermen, or connected with the fisheries, a large crowd of excited men gathered, and many wild schemes were proposed; but a few cool heads prevailed, and Congressman Boutelle was advised of the matter, and at his request the Treasury Department placed the revenue steamer *Woodbury* at his disposal, and ordered her to the scene, with orders to protect the fishing-vessels and to investigate the matter.

On July 26, 1891, the *Woodbury* arrived at Eastport, and on Monday morning she took on board the fishermen who had their vessels seized, steamed out into Friar's Roads, and took cross-bearings of the spot pointed out by the fishermen as the place they were fishing when seized by the *Dream*. Then efforts were made to locate the shoal spot known as Cochran's Ledge. This was finally accomplished after repeated soundings and cross-bearings were taken.

So that no mistake in regard to the location of where the men had been fishing could be made, a second party of fishermen were taken out, and they pointed out the location. Cross-bearings of this spot were taken, and found to coincide with the first location. These locations were then marked on a chart, and also the location of Cochran's Ledge, and with a full report of all the proceedings, were forwarded to the department at Washington for decision, and the matter now rests in their hands.

Ever since the treaty with Great Britain in regard to the fisheries expired we have had trouble almost every month in relation to either bait or fish. And it has now become necessary that this trouble should be settled definitely, once and forever, so that no mistakes or disputes can arise.

If the waters lying between Campobello and Eastport cannot be made neutral waters, as is desired by the inhabitants of both places, it should be immediately buoyed off on the boundary, and then no further trouble can arise.

According to the chart, which is a copy of Admiral Owens's, the fishermen were fishing in American waters, and, further, some of them were seized while in American waters, and a full reparation, with indemnity to the fishermen for loss of boats, line, etc., should be made.

A SOUTHERN OCEAN VOYAGE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THERE is but one efficacious way of learning geography, and that is to study the actual terrestrial globe, and not a mere card-board reduction of it. There is only one practical way of studying international commerce, and that is to travel as Marco Polo did, interview exotic princes and barbarous chieftains, penetrate the caprices of their tastes and of those of their subjects, explore and create markets, and then win a fortune by supplying them. All this Marco Polo did, and was honored with the title of "Venice's first citizen," and in his later years dictated his delightful book of the "wonders of the world."

Nowadays travelling is just as delightful as it was when Marco Polo lived, although some people would have us believe that the romance of the world and its picturesqueness are vanishing past all remedy. Marco Polo lived to see a Chinese mandarin decorate his cap with a button of Venetian glass. The modern traveller can accept the invitation of a Patagonian chief to lunch off Huntley & Palmer's biscuits and German whiskey, and the sensation is just as novel when you are unaccustomed to it. Crossing the line and the gloomy voyage through the murky equatorial zone provoke always the same sensations of mystery and depression.

For my part, while making long ocean journeys in the southern latitudes, when by direct routes one is still eighteen and twenty days without seeing land, I constantly surprised myself reflecting how much more pleasant seafaring must have been in the old days when the mariners kept along the coasts. What is more tiresome than the immense ocean with the monotonous cupola of the sky above—an ocean that is more often calm than stormy, and whose smooth surface is wrinkled only now and then by the uncanny fluttering of a cloud of flying-fish? And the life on board in mid-ocean, how wearisome! Sleep and stultifying occupations seem to be the only resources of the passengers, and of the officers too, when they are not on duty. Blessed is the man who has a lathe and a band-saw, and who cuts out intricate patterns in wood! Blessed the man who carries with him Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, for he can journey for months and years, and still never reach the last page of the last volume! Blessed is the man who thinks that he can learn a foreign language on board the ship, for he has still one illusion left!

No; there is not much pleasure in crossing the ocean on the great steamships, with their miscellaneous loads of emigrants and passengers, who are not always persons of marked refinement. The pleasant days are those passed along the coast, the trips from port to port in Brazil, the delightful halt in the Bay of Rio, whose wooded islands and tree-clad rocks suggest the tender Japanese landscapes of Hiroshigé, with a dozen Fuzi-yamas in the background. The exuberant vegetation, the queer-colored passengers that come on board on their way up or down the coast, the multifarious incidents of landing in small boats, the countless monkeys and parrots that are stowed away in the bows of the ship—all this amuses for the moment. Indeed, during the long ocean voyage from Pernambuco to Dakar, on the African coast, the chief distractions of the passengers and of the crew, when the charms of loto and piquet are exhausted, are to behold the dreadful spectacle of the slaughtering of an ox on the foredeck, to watch the operations of emptying and skinning the carcass, to see the horrible red mass of meat dragged away and cut up, and then, for a change, to go and chat with the parrots and the monkeys.

The arrival at Dakar is a great event on the return journey. Although Dakar is in Africa, it seems to be the beginning of Europe, for the French flag is flying on the custom-house and the fort; the authorities that come on board are French; the new passengers are mostly officers or government employés exhausted by Senegambian fevers, but full of stirring stories of warlike adventures or paltry narratives of administrative intrigues. At Dakar, too, we take in coal and fresh vegetables and fruit. Lighters are moored alongside the great steamer, and negro coal-heavers work furiously in the roasting sun. Meanwhile the King of Dakar arrives, clad in fine blue and white flowing robes, and wearing a voluminous turban. This monarch is a keen trader, and has contracts with the steamship companies for the supply of vegetables and fruit. As we look over the bulwarks, we remark his canoe rocking lazily on the dazzling water, and laden with baskets of garden produce, which are being hoisted on to the lower deck. As we look down, we see the heads of the cook's boys protruding through the port-hole, and the gay Marseilles steward gesticulating with his Majesty the King, who looks up. The effects of foreshortening in this vision were so curious that I conceived a desire to retain a photographic souvenir of them, and here it is in our engraving.

But at Dakar the royal vegetable-dealer and every other official and celebrity pale in interest before the negroes who swarm around the ship in countless canoes. These children of nature are naked, with the exception of a linen cloth around their loins; they are magnificently formed, and so beautiful in line and fine muscularity that they suggest the admirable Florentine statuettes of the epoch of the Renaissance. In their dug-out canoes they sit or stand with their faces upturned, gazing at the passengers, who lean over the bulwarks and gaze in return. Some of these negroes are born orators, and make admirable speeches in French, singling out some sympathetic face on deck, and addressing its owner as "*Monsieur de bonne famille*—Sir of good family, give me ten cents, and I will dive for it." "*Monsieur de bonne famille*," another will say, after much fantastic preamble—"Sir of good family, give us two francs and we will dive under the boat, and he that comes up first on the other side shall win." "Monsieur, buy shells!" cries another, "buy stars! buy stars!" And he flings on board shells and sea-anemones tied up in a rag, and requests you to put the money in the rag and fling it back. From time to time somebody throws overboard a piece of silver, ten cents or a franc, and suddenly all these negroes dash into the water and dive, and very rarely do they fail to catch the coin before it sinks too far. For hours and hours this diving and haranguing go on, until, by dint of watching, one seems to have analyzed and decomposed the movements of a man plunging into the water as thoroughly as Mr. Muybridge decomposed the movements of chevaline locomotion.

At last the necessary amount of coal has been shipped, and the great vessel, followed by a shark or two, steams out of Dakar harbor and proceeds on her way to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to Bordeaux, and from Bordeaux to Liverpool. At Bordeaux the journey seems to end logically, for we are once more in the land of civilization. Why go further? At Bordeaux the man who has just arrived from Peru or Patagonia is a hero in a very small way. He can tell stories. He can fascinate people with his conversation. No average landsman knows as much as he does about deep-sea currents and steamship lines He can even control Jules Verne's incomparable cosmic and encyclopædic novels, and assure the sceptical that the reality corresponds vaguely with the novelist's description, only it is less amusing and far less accessible.

AMATEUR SPORT

AN HONEST CONFESSION is good for the soul. We have flattered ourselves heretofore that American sport had reached a prominence towards which the eyes of the world were turned at least in curiosity, if not in admiration or envy. Particularly in yachting did our national pride swell to a dangerously inflated condition over the record which shows the *America's* Cup, the championship yachting trophy of the world, to have remained in our possession for forty consecutive years, despite the liberal expenditure of British money to win it back. We had begun, in fact, to believe that we were "some pumpkins." But, alas, for our vanity! It has remained for the *Yachtsman*, a paper published in "London, England," and devoted exclusively to the sport from which it derives its name, to impress upon us, in its own peculiar style, the humiliating degree of our unimportance.

FROM THE LAST ISSUE the steamer brings us of our esteemed and somniferous transatlantic contemporary, I cull the following choice sample of a truly English journalistic "beat":

"The *Gloriana* has caused something very like consternation in the 46-foot class in America. She has not yet met all her rivals; but, notwithstanding this, a grave fear exists across the water that the class is doomed from the superlative speed of this boat. Our knowledge of the *Gloriana's* true shape is probably very small, but it seems to us that she is fast through being an extremely powerful craft with practically unlimited sails. Judging from what we believe her to be like, it will surprise us greatly if the new Fife boat *Barbara* does not beat her handsomely, excepting, perhaps, in a very hard breeze."

If I had not myself clipped this startling paragraph out of the columns of the *Yachtsman*, I should certainly set it down as a stray joke from *Punch* hunting for its risible point. Fancy an assertion that *Barbara* would beat *Gloriana* days after she had been ignominiously routed by yachts which the *Gloriana* had beaten by over twelve minutes. As to the "unlimited sail" theory, *Alborak* surely carries enough to prove that canvas is not the sole requisite to speed.

AND HAVE NOT THE VICTORIES of a month ago of *Beatrix* and *Oweene*, both Burgess boats, over *Barbara* yet reached the ears of my British *confrère?* Yet they were settled ere his copy went to the composing-room. The idea of *Barbara* having any show whatever with *Gloriana* strikes American yachtsmen as a huge joke, and a little retrospection of this season shows the soundness of their fun. In the first race last month in which *Barbara* entered, she was beaten by *Oweene* nearly 21 minutes, and by *Beatrix* 15½ minutes over a 24-mile course. In her next race *Barbara* was again beaten by these two almost as badly, and would undoubtedly have lost also to *Sayonara*, which has just come from a 12-minute defeat by *Gloriana*, had not Mr. Bayard's boat been disabled by accident. In *Barbara's* next race she was beaten by *Oweene*, *Beatrix*, and *Sayonara*. So much for our English wiseacre.

ONE HUNDRED STRONG is a record for the New York Yacht Club's cruise of which it may feel a pardonable pride. Thirty sloops, 24 schooners, and 20 steamers sailed away from Glen Cove August 3d, and as this column set forth last week, made Huntington the first day. It was an uneventful run of 10 miles, but wisely chosen, as the first day out is pretty apt to be in the nature, more or less, of a trial heat, and a short run fits the yachts for the more businesslike work later. From Huntington to New London is 61 miles, and the crew on every one of the yachts that reached port Tuesday night, August 4th, realized they had been to a yacht-race. It was a dirty day—a driving rain, a northeast wind, and a pretty fair-sized sea; but the starting-gun was fired, nevertheless, at half past six, and notwithstanding the nasty weather, the sight at the line was one of the prettiest in my recollection. It was the beginning of what proved to be one of the hardest days in the club's racing history, and it drew heavily on the nautical knowledge and fortitude of the amateur salts.

IT WAS AN INTERESTING DAY, windward work and heavy sea to the contrary notwithstanding. What the 46-footers would do was naturally uppermost in general speculation. *Oweene*, *Mineola*, *Sayonara*, and *Nautilus*, all turned up fit for the contest. *Sayonara* had gained the lead before a mile had been covered, and maintained it for several hours, at one time having half a mile lead of the next in her class, *Oweene*. The latter gradually drew up, however, and finished winner by about 12 minutes, with the *Mineola* rapidly drawing up, and the *Nautilus* a bad fourth, by something like two hours. The 46-footers did not absorb all attention, however; the appearance of some of the old timers—*Constellation*, *Iroquois*, *Mayflower*, *Shamrock*, *Katrina*, and *Bedouin*, and R. S. Palmer's speedy *Marguerite*—gave promises of rare sport that were fulfilled before the anchors were let go off New London. The good things of the day were the showing *Iroquois* made, the great speed of *Katrina*—

she simply made a show of her class, beating the *Bedouin* by nearly an hour, and was the leader of the entire fleet from start to finish—*Marguerite's* showing against *Mayflower*, and the very excellent exhibition of the *Constellation* after two years of practical inactivity. It was a tired lot of yachtsmen that reached New London Tuesday night, but they had a day of royal sport.

OVER ONE HUNDRED boats, from cat to palatial steamer, broke out the New York Yacht Club flag when the programme of the day began. The special race between *Mineola* and *Jessica* was to have been decided at New London, but the hard 60-mile run from Huntington the previous day had pretty well used up the crews, and on Mr. Belmont's suggestion the match was deferred until a later day of the cruise. The chances are the event will be sailed off Martha's Vineyard, unless a race is made for the $500 cup offered by the local yachting association, in which case the question of superiority will probably be decided on the returnto Newport.

IN PLACE OF RACING, yachtsmen took a day of rest, while their crews raced for the Game-cock and Owl colors, and the naphtha launches perfumed the atmosphere in an endeavor to out-steam one another. The crew races furnished some good sport, though the yachts did not turn out as it was expected they would. Five crews out of so large a fleet was not a very big showing, and while, of course, these events are only "for fun," and entirely between the sailors, at the same time they are a part of the week's entertainment, and could be a small feature of the cruise, and one highly amusing. A score of gigs crews could very easily be gotten together, and who will say there would not be considerable "fun" with an entry from at least half of the fleet. Besides, it gives the men a change from the monotony of daily toil and a feeling of pride in their master's yacht that may count in a race the following day.

THE RUN, THURSDAY, from New London to Newport was an ideal one for the landlubbers afloat. There was no sea, and just enough breeze to make the sailing interesting. One of those which, unannounced, had joined the fleet in the stillness of the night was the *Volunteer*, the "dear old sloop" no longer, but changed out of all recognition into a schooner—no, not out of *all* recognition, for the tremendous mainsail, used nearly intact, and the beautiful lines of her stern, would always at least pique curiosity. She did not accomplish very much on this run, but subsequent performances proved that General Paine had "fooled them all once." It was evidently *Oweene's* day out; she went to the fore early in the day, and off Block Island was leading the entire fleet, and *Sayonara* nearly a quarter-mile. *Uvira* was in third place, and doing fairly well, making her first race in these waters. The fleet had divided, some of them going to the southward, and, as the hovering clouds of the morning broke away before the noon sun, *Mineola* could be seen leading the stray contingent, with *Marguerite* second. In the middle of the Sound were *Katrina* and *Nautilus*.

OFF FISHER'S ISLAND, *Oweene* still held the lead, followed by *Sayonara*, *Uvira*, and *Mayflower*, with the *Iroquois* in twelfth place, closely followed by the *Volunteer*. *Mineola* continued at the head of those on the south water. When Watch Hill was reached, *Oweene* had left *Sayonara* at least a mile astern, while *Uvira* held third place by about half that distance, and the *Nautilus* had dropped well back. *Mayflower* was in fourth place, and leading the schooners by a large majority, *Volunteer* being a mile behind, while *Marguerite* and *Iroquois* were yet farther in the rear. Wind was very light just about at this quarter, and a little later, when it sprung up, the positions of the boats were about the same—*Oweene* being so far ahead of *Sayonara* as to lessen the interest in the 46-footer race. *Iroquois* was not doing so well as from Huntington, and the *Marguerite* was beating her. At Point Judith a good breeze came up, and the *Mayflower* catching it, began to gain rapidly on *Oweene*, she passed *Sayonara*, and finally finished first of the fleet, and over 4 minutes ahead of *Oweene*, which was second. At the Point, *Uvira* had dropped back, *Nautilus* was out of sight, to the rear, and *Mineola* was gaining on *Sayonara*; *Katrina* was following *Mineola*, with *Merlin* and *Volunteer* close up, while *Marguerite* had left *Iroquois* well behind. *Oweene* beat *Sayonara* 8 minutes 29 seconds; *Mineola* 9 minutes 52 seconds, and *Nautilus* 47 minutes 29 seconds. In their classes, *Palmer*, *Fortuna*, *Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Quickstep*, *Katrina*, *Hildegarde*, *Cinderella* won.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of the sloop race for the Goelet Cup, Friday, was the showing of *Barbara*. Not that she came within even hailing distance of the cup, but she did so much better than in any previous race that the performance deserves especial mention. If Mr. Foster was at her helm he is to be congratulated for the very clever manner in which he handled the boat, and the good judgment he showed in standing inshore south of Narragansett Pier. He outwitted both *Oweene* and *Sayonara*, the former having the lead at one time, until she took a tack off shore, and ran out of the wind. The start was a beautiful one, *Oweene*, *Sayonara*, *Gloriana*, *Barbara*, *Gracie* crossing the line in order named. For an hour the race was a pretty one and decidedly interesting, each yacht being handled to the best advantage. But now the *Sayonara* began a series of eccentric evolutions, tacking all over the bay, getting in every other yacht's way, and losing distance on each hitch. She went to leeward, nobody knows how far, got wellnigh out of sight, and finally finished 24 minutes behind the *Gloriana*.

THE "OWEENE" SHOWED HANDLING that was but little better, and by no means in keeping with the reputation she had made for herself either off Marblehead, or in the run from New London the previous day. Captain Barr's hand, for the time being, seemed to have lost its cunning. *Oweene* was never for a moment "in it" with *Gloriana*, and was steadily losing to *Barbara*. When off Point Judith she lost her club-topsail. She put up a working topsail and went ahead for a while, but shortly put about for home. The accident to *Oweene* and the failure of *Beatrix* to start because neither of her two owners is a member of the N. Y. Y. C. deprived the event of all interest from a racing point of view. It will be remembered that it was from one of these two we were to look for a rival of *Gloriana*. A number of Boston yachtsmen had really persuaded themselves, I hear, into the belief that *Oweene* could hold E. D. Morgan's racer. They know better now, for though *Oweene* was disabled after going about seven miles, she had in that distance clearly demonstrated her utter inability to hold the *Gloriana* even for a little while. In fact she had more than she could take care of in *Barbara*. Form, by-the-way, in yachts seems as variable as in the more human racers. In the two previous races in which *Oweene* and *Barbara* competed, the former had defeated the latter by about 20 minutes, respectively.

AS FOR THE *Gloriana*, her work was magnificent from beginning to end. She secured the lead before reaching Point Judith, and was never headed, crossing the finish-line 14 minutes 20 seconds before *Barbara*, the second in the 46-foot class. To New-Yorkers her work called out no especial comment, for the reason that it was expected, though she did create additional admiration by the manner in which she held the *Volunteer*, both running before the wind with spinnakers set and all canvas drawing. Eastern yachtsmen, however, simply gazed at the *Gloriana* and "sawed wood." The surprise of the day to Bostonians and New-Yorkers alike was *Barbara*. She cut out a pace that must have astonished Captains Watson and Barr, who had become accustomed to not considering her in the race at all. Steaming alongside of her on the HARPER'S WEEKLY launch, I watched very closely how she carried herself at several points of the course. She did not fall off to leeward; on the contrary, she pointed high, and she went through the water steadily and with very little commotion. I noticed, however, that she buried her nose considerably. Indeed, it looked as though her bow was always much lower than her stern. At the Block Island mark the *Gloriana* had gained 13 minutes on her; but on the 18-mile run before the wind to the West Island mark she got back a trifle over 2 minutes, though she lost it again on the reach home. In the light of *Barbara's* improvement, second place in the 46-footers continues an open question, to be decided probably at the New York Corinthian Yacht Club's special race on the 17th, next Monday.

THE SCHOONER RACE for the $1000 Goelet Cup was far and away the most interesting of the day as well as of the yachting season. A more beautiful start was never seen, the *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Volunteer*, *Merlin*, *Mayflower*, and *Fortuna* going over the line in the order named, and not over a stone's-throw from the first to the last. The *Marguerite* started out bravely, and held the lead until Point Judith had been passed, when *Volunteer* began to close up rapidly, passing *Iroquois*, and finally *Marguerite*. *Iroquois* was also moving along nicely, and after seesawing with *Marguerite* for a time, took second place, and rounded the Block Island mark 10 minutes behind *Volunteer*—which had struck her old-time pace—and about 7 minutes ahead of Mr. Palmer's yacht.

IT WAS NOT "MARGUERITE'S" DAY, for she kept dropping back, and finally finished next to last. She made the prettiest turn of the marks in the schooners, and *Barbara* did likewise of the sloops. *Iroquois* did by far the best work in getting her spinnaker set. At the Block Island mark the *Volunteer* and *Gracie* fouled. Both approached the stake-boat on the starboard tack, the *Gracie* leading and being nearer the mark. Neither of them had apparently taken into consideration the strong tide. The *Gracie* tried to pinch around the mark, and luffed up, throwing her over towards the *Volunteer*, which luffed at the last minute, saving a collision that time; but an instant later, just on the stake-boat, the tide set the *Volunteer* down on the *Gracie*, and no luffing could save them. The *Gracie* lost her club topsail, and the *Volunteer* had a series of ragged holes punched across her mainsail two-thirds of the way up. Both flew protest flags, but if section 14 of rule 17 of the New York Yacht Club's racing rules covers the case, General Paine's schooner will be disqualified, and the Cup go to *Iroquois*, which, by-the-way, has made a good record throughout the cruise. The *Volunteer* went right along on her course, and gained steadily on the *Gloriana*, which was leading the fleet, rounding West Island mark 2 minutes ahead of her. From this stake-boat she simply flew along, gaining over 8 minutes on the *Gloriana* in the 6¼ miles to Brenton Reef Light-ship. The *Iroquois* was only a minute and a half behind the *Gloriana*; the *Mayflower* finished 2 minutes later; while the *Marguerite* required 6 minutes more to cross. *Merlin* and *Fortuna* were 18 and 26 minutes respectively back of *Volunteer*.

"MINEOLA" HAD HER TURN at leading the way in the run from Newport to Martha's Vineyard on Saturday. It was a deserving win, for Mr. Belmont's course has been that of a sportsman throughout the season. Both *Sayonara* and *Oweene* were leading her off West Island light, and the only other 46-footer in the race, the *Nautilus*, was well to the rear. It was very fluky—an occasional puff and then the doldrums. At the Sow and Pigs Light-ship the *Mineola* had gotten the lead, with the *Nautilus*, 15 minutes behind, in second place; she continued to gain, and at Tarpaulin Cove light was leading the fleet by a mile. Shortly afterward the *Marguerite* secured second place, and held it to the finish. *Mineola* crossed the line 25 minutes before *Nautilus*, 29 before *Oweene*, and 51 before *Sayonara*, administering about the worst beating to these 46-footers that they have had thus far. The *Iroquois* had a hard time of it, and finished about an hour and a half behind *Marguerite*, and third to the *Oenone's* second. *Huron* and *Thetis* had another fight for supremacy, which resulted, as that of the day before, in the former's victory, by full 20 minutes. *Volunteer* did not race, and *Mayflower* won from *Merlin* by about 20 minutes. *Constellation* winning in her class from *Dauntless* by 2 minutes.

THE SPECIAL RACE between *Mineola* and *Jessica* is very likely being decided while we are on the press, and before this appears the cruise of the New York Yacht Club will have disbanded at Newport. It has been, taking everything into consideration, the most successful one in the club's long and notable career. Whether the rendezvous will again be at Glen Cove next year is a question that will very likely cause some debate ere settled. The nasty run from Huntington to New London seems to have prejudiced a great many of the yachtsmen against the course. Again, yachtsmen protest that Glen Cove is most undesirable because of its inaccessibility. The pleasure the club gave its friends in making their attendance possible by the near location of the rendezvous should, it would seem to an outsider, compensate for a few inconveniences. New London is too far away for the start, at least for New-Yorkers, who take a pride in the club, and don't mind devoting half a day to giving the annual cruise a send-off.

HOBART'S VICTORY AT NAHANT was won by the same brilliant, aggressive playing that he exhibited at Westchester. His drop stroke was just as accurate and effective as of old, and now and then he surprised his opponent and the spectators alike by a brilliant bit of net play. There was no question about his deserving the first prize, for while some of his matches were close, he nevertheless clearly outplayed every adversary. Three out of the four matches which he played during the tournament were won in straight sets, and in the remaining two the third and decisive set was never in doubt from the start, so plain was Hobart's superiority. It was rather remarkable that Philip Sears, one of the weakest of the entries, should have been one of the two men to capture a set from the winner.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE FEATURE of the play was the signal defeat of Champion Campbell by Huntington, his rival of last year. The victory would have been more of a feather in Huntington's cap had not the playing on both sides been a little ragged. The match was played on the first day, and Campbell was entirely out of form, returning many balls out of court, and as many more into the net. Still, it was something of a feat for Huntington to dispose of the champion by such a score as 6–2, 6–1, sufficient, at any rate, to demonstrate that he cannot be considered entirely "out of it" at Newport. Directly after this disheartening defeat, Campbell displayed again his wonderful capacity for bracing, capturing a match in fine style from Philip Sears on the same day, and obtaining his revenge for last year's intercollegiate defeat by Hovey on the second. The latter's showing throughout the tournament was extremely disappointing to his friends, but only confirmed what has been stated in this column more than once—*e. g.*, that these same friends have shown a tendency to rate Hovey too high as a player. I have no desire to depreciate his merit, but I have watched his play carefully throughout the season, and while no one could help admiring his occasional brilliant streaks, I have been convinced that his chances for winning at Newport have at no time been equal to those of either Hobart, Huntington, or Knapp.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE shows in detail the work of the contestants at Nahant. The large numerals indicate the matches, and the small ones the sets won and lost by each player:

	Hobart	Huntington	Campbell	Hovey	Sears	S. T. Chase	Tallant*	Matches won	Games won
Hobart	..	1^2	1^2	1^2	1^2	1^2	..	5	10
Huntington	1	..	1^2	1^2	1^2	1^2	..	4	9
Campbell	0	0	..	1^2	1^2	1^2	..	3	6
Hovey	..	0	1	..	0	1^2	..	1	3
Sears	1	0	0	0	..	1^2	..	1	3
S. T. Chase	0	1	1	0	0	..	..	0	2
Tallant*	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Matches lost	0	1	2	3	3	5	..	14	..
Games lost	2	3	6	6	6	10	..	..	33

* Defaulted.

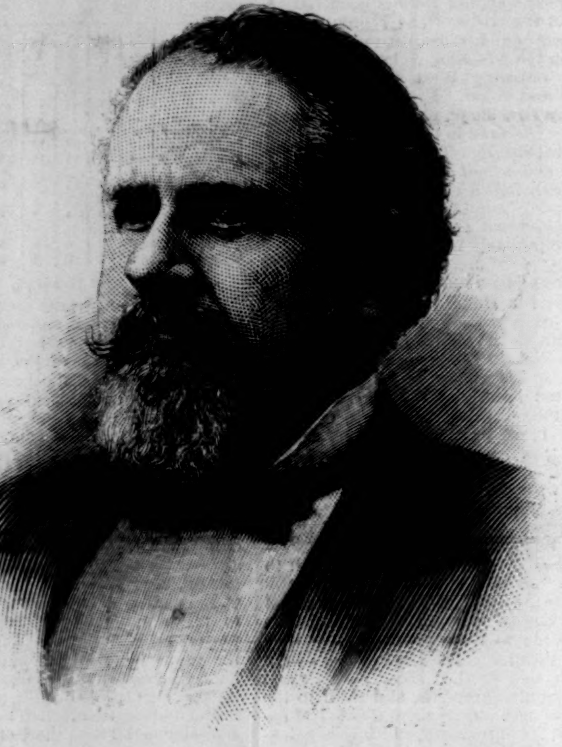
THE HALL BROTHERS were unable to play at Nahant last week, and Hugh Tallant was invited to fill one of the places thus left vacant. The absence of the Halls was especially regretted, for the younger brother, in view of his magnificent performances at Longwood the week before, was looked upon as one of the probable winners, and a meeting between him and Hobart would have been one of the features of the tournament. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that their meeting was postponed until the week of the All-Comers', when some of the most exciting play ever seen at Newport now seems assured. At Newport we shall see W. P. Knapp, V. G. and E. L. Hall, and probably C. E. Sands, who at times may be relied upon to make an interesting match with any player, however good. With such a field the result is of course uncertain, but it is hardly necessary to add that the outcome of the playing at Nahant greatly strengthens me in the opinion that Hobart's chances are considerably better than those of any one player.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING INQUIRIES suggested by the result at Nahant is whether or not Hobart will defeat Campbell at Newport next week, if the championship battle is between those two. Hobart's victory at Nahant was quite an easy one, the champion being completely outplayed in the second set. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, Hobart's game is much better adapted to a dirt court than Campbell's, and the Newport turf will tell in the latter's favor. The condition of the turf matters little to a volleyer like Campbell, but is all important to Hobart, who cannot play his great stroke from the back court unless the ball bounds true and somewhat high from the ground. If the two men meet, it will be a battle royal, and only a rash betting man would give odds either way, though it should be remembered that while Hobart has shown his best, Campbell has not played his game thus far. If any other than Hobart is the challenger, however, I am quite confident that Campbell will retain the championship for another year.

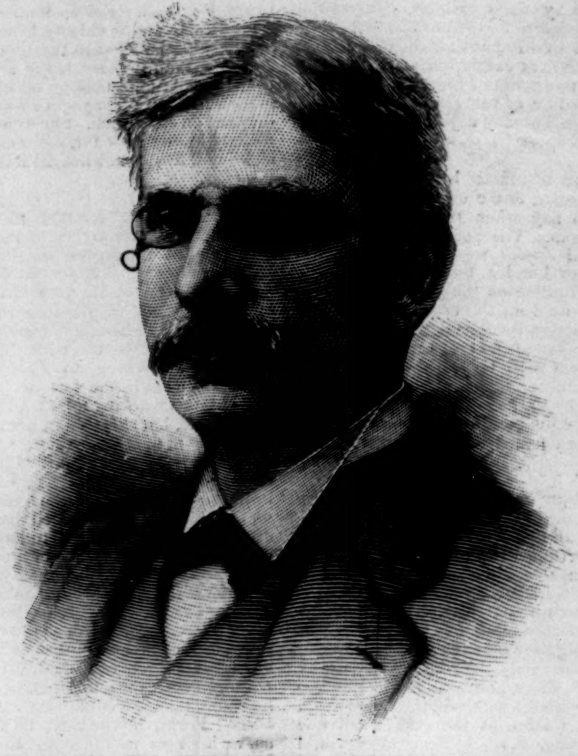
THE OYSTER BAY POLO TEAM and that of Morristown played last week on the grounds of the latter club two of the most interesting games of the season. Robinson, Ferguson, Dallett, and Roby played for Oyster Bay, and Day, Lord, Nicoll, and Thorn for Morristown, Thorn being replaced by N. B. Henderson in the second game. There were no valuable Cups up, but there was genuine sport and plenty of it. The play of Oyster Bay was a revelation to the spectators, and, I fancy, considerable of a surprise to their opponents. The games were scratch. Had they been handicap, Oyster Bay would have been given 2 goals on Wednesday, and Morristown 2 on Friday. It was the first opportunity Morristown has had this season of seeing the game at home, and the number of traps on the field proved the high favor of polo in that locality.

AS FOR THE GAMES, Oyster Bay won both, by one goal on Wednesday, and 4½ on Friday. The play both days was very fast, and exceptionally interesting from the fact of there being a well-trained team, accustomed to one another's play, pitted against one that had played but very few times together. My limited space this week does not permit my going into detailed comment on some features in this connection that are extremely instructive, if, indeed, not interesting. That Oyster Bay won is due chiefly, in my judgment, to the very strong play of Robinson; Morristown could neither ride him off the ball nor get it away from him when he was up the field to re-enforce his forwards, and the ball was sent towards his goal. His game on both of these days I consider remarkable, and the greatest I have ever seen him or any other back put up. Dallett likewise played a very good game. He was sluggish the first period on Wednesday, but warmed up in the second, and was positively brilliant in the third. On Friday he was still better. His showing in these two games has been his best this season, and sufficiently good to warrant his making an effort hereafter to keep up to that standard. Ferguson, as I have said before, will be heard from one of these days; he has the making of a first-class player. Roby also put up the best game he has shown this year, and made several brilliant hits. If he improves in speed he will be valuable. Morristown put up a plucky game. Day and Lord worked hard, and covered the field well; the former stuck to Robinson constantly, and the latter played strong and fast. Nicoll covered his goal well, but seemed a bit slower on the ball than usual, though he missed seldom to hit hard.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HON. JOHN YOUNG BROWN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF KENTUCKY.



CAPTAIN JOHN PALMER, THE NEWLY ELECTED COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STERRY & COMPANY, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

A NEW GOVERNOR AND NEW CONSTITUTION FOR KENTUCKY.

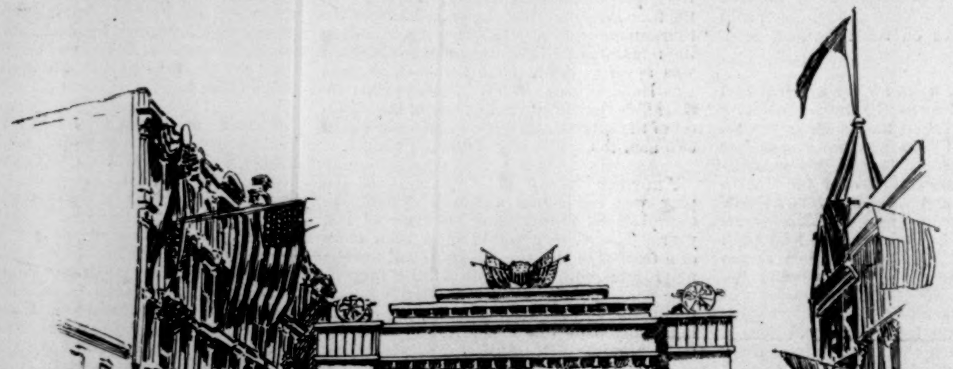
THE election held in Kentucky the other day was the first one for many years in the result of which people outside of the State took any particular interest. On this occasion there were four tickets in the field for State officers—Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, and People's (Farmers' Alliance). Usually it is conceded that the Democrats will sweep everything before them, but the Farmers' Alliance this year was a new factor in the politics of the State. The Democratic State ticket was elected, however, by its normal majority of about twenty-five thousand, and Mr. John Young Brown will succeed General Simon Bolivar Buckner as Governor of the commonwealth. It is claimed by the Farmers' Alliance that they have virtually carried the Legislature in both branches by securing, where they had no chance of winning outright, the nomination by the Democrats of farmers—farmers committed to the principles of the Alliance—as candidates for the Legislature. If this be true—and no trustworthy test can be had until the Legislature assembles—the Alliance has succeeded in securing a majority in both Houses. But it will probably turn out that the great majority of those elected are Democrats first and Farmers' Alliance men afterwards. It is not unusual in Kentucky that a majority of the Legislature should be farmers.

But the most important feature of the election was the adoption of a new State Constitution. The old Constitution, adopted in 1849, sadly needed revision, as it was antiquated in many of its features, and even went so far as to declare that the right of property in slaves was "before and higher than any constitutional sanction." It has long been the Kentuckian's boast that in that State a gentleman went to the polls and declared his preference openly and boldly, so that all men could hear. But by the new Constitution the *viva voce* form of voting has been abolished, and the Australian system adopted. This was a long jump indeed. The new Constitution prohibits lotteries, taxes railroads, banks, and corporations generally, and has other provisions which have long been needed. But it is also burdened with minor provisions which do not properly belong to the framework of government, but should have been left to be adopted by legislative statutes. As a State Constitution it is probably in its style the most remarkable instrument ever adopted by an American State. When its framers were learning English, the school-master must have been very far abroad, for the new Constitution abounds in passages so clumsily and inaccurately expressed as to be quite meaningless. For instance, one section provides that "no person shall be eligible as judge of the Circuit Court who is not less than thirty-five years of age." Another clause provides that the Governor shall be elected in "odd-numbered years" and Representatives in "even-numbered years," and still another that the Governor shall be elected "by the qualified voters of the State at the time when and places where they shall respectively vote for Representatives." How the courts will construe these marvellous clauses it is hard to say.

The new Governor belongs to a well-known family of the State, and has had much experience in public life. He was born in 1835, and as early as 1859, a year before he was eligible, he was elected to Congress. He was re-elected to the next Congress, but was not permitted to take his seat, upon the ground that he sympathized with the South. The Governor refused to order a new election, and the seat remained vacant. After the war he was elected time and time again to Congress, where he enjoyed a reputation for fiery eloquence and undaunted courage in debate. On one occasion, in a controversy with General B. F. Butler, when Mr. Blaine was Speaker, Mr. Brown was called to order for being too personal in characterizing the methods which General Butler had employed as a soldier, and as a politician after the war. He received the censure of the House; and when the Speaker read him a lecture, he declared that he would wear the censure as a badge of honor. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Brown declined a re-election to Congress, and since that time has been busy practising law. At the bar of the State he has long held a high rank.

There is a pretty story told of Mr. Brown's returning to public life at the imperative demand of his youngest daughter, who felt that her brilliant father had no right to pass his time any longer in the private practice of his profession. Such abilities as his, she declared, belonged to his State and his country. Whether this be true or not, Mr. Brown began an active canvass for the nomination more than a year ago. It is fortunate for the State that at this time, when a Legislature of farmers will be called upon to enact statutes to make operative a new and badly drawn Constitution, the Governor, with the power of veto, should be a trained lawyer, with experience in legislation, and withal a man of mature judgment.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



ARCH ON WOODWARD AVENUE, ERECTED FOR GRAND ARMY REUNION IN DETROIT.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

BY M. A. LANE.

"THE Chicago Board of Trade sits at the head of the navigation of the Great Lakes, and controls the price of bread." It is related that a member of the great wheat and pork mart once made that challenge. Whether his information be correct or not, every trader in wheat may determine for his own satisfaction. But true or false, it is no less certain that the institution has a marvellous history apart from its bulky reports and its volumes of statistics and the pages of interminable figures that are turned out year after year by its enterprising secretary.

It is also true that a "flurry"—not a small, narrow, and confined commotion that is limited to a few traders, but a real, rousing "flurry"—in the wheat market of the Chicago Board of Trade will cause a ripple to be felt in every grain centre in the country, even as far as Europe. It will set in motion agile currents of electricity flying over the wires from the North, South, East, and West, and all with one central destination—the Board of Trade. It will cause the commercial minds of some of the leading citizens in the largest cities of the States to pause and wait for the news. It will interest millers and bakers, and attract the attention of the general public.

The Chicago Board of Trade in its annual report publishes a mass of statistics of concern to the general commerce of the country, and of the world, for that matter, that has been collected with the greatest care from thousands of sources. No effort is spared to make this report a thorough history of the year's business in the world of trade, and in many cases these figures are more complete than those furnished by the government itself.

A treatise on the methods of and the business transacted by the body in one day, to be at all intelligible to the general reader, would ask far more than the limits of this notice allow. It will therefore be of perhaps more interest to tell along what lines and from what beginnings the institution grew. Its bearings and its relations on the wheat market and the pork and corn markets of this country and the world are vaguely understood; but what is not known is the story of its strange birth years ago, the discouraging conditions of its early life, its narrow escape from total obliteration, the great disaster it passed through with the rest of the city of Chicago in the fire of 1871, and its final triumph and its success.

The building that is now owned and occupied by the Board of Trade is a beautiful and commanding structure, and one of the first of the lofty buildings for which Chicago is becoming noted. It stands at the head of La Salle Street, and has a frontage of 173½ feet on Jackson Street, extending 225 feet to the rear. The rear portion is occupied by offices, and is 160 feet in height. The front portion contains the hall of exchange, and is 140 feet high. From this ascends a tower 310 feet above the ground, appropriately surmounted by a ship, the symbol of commerce. This tower is 32 feet square at the base, with a superstructure 225 feet of masonry, the remainder being of iron. The main entrances are large doorways, supported by polished columns of gray granite. The edifice itself is constructed of Fox Island granite, and its cost was $1,730,000. The grand hall measures 152 × 161 feet, and is 80 feet high. The architecture is not acropolitan, but the structure is an evidence of much wealth, of great prosperity, and of vast power. It was formally dedicated April 29, 1885, and will serve the uses for which it was intended many years ago.

The history of the institution may be divided into two periods—the first and insignificant, and the second and important. The first ends with the year 1858, and the second begins with the year 1859. From the latter year to the present the affairs of the board have been most prosperous and satisfactory, and every new twelvemonth has marked an increase of wealth, influence, and power. In money, the membership of the board to-day represents millions, in its early days it represented hundreds. Yet it is acknowledged by the brightest men in it that its success has been due to the rigid following of first principles laid down by the pioneer founders; and it is also admitted that all its complex rules and regulations for the government of the trade in grain are the mere development and extensions of the reforms suggested and begun almost half a century ago.

On December 4, 1841, in the Chicago *Daily American* there appeared a card that was signed "Merchant." This merchant suggested the advisability of renting a hall in which he and his fellow-merchants could meet, buy, sell, and barter. The growing trade in cabbages, potatoes, and meats demanded, he thought, that some such action as this be taken. But the village merchants saw fit to ignore the voice of their *confrère*, and no hall was rented. It was not until seven years thereafter that the first steps were taken that led to the organization of a commercial exchange in Chicago. At that time there were no railroads in Chicago; horses were used as power for elevators; and the clearance of a lumber schooner was an event. The two men on whose shoulders rest the great institution of the board are Thomas Richmond and W. L. Whiting. Mr. Whiting was the first grain broker of Chicago. Mr. Richmond was in the elevating business. The result of their discussion was the publication of a call, assembling merchants generally, for the purpose of organizing a board of trade. The convention was held, and a large room over a grain store was leased, at the extravagant rental of $110 per annum. Thus did the board start out, with a total membership of 80. The organization for some time after its birth was not a corporate body. It had no legal status, and, in fact, there was no statute at that time that could have conferred the dignity of authority on an organization of this kind. Its function was therefore advisory, and its opinions carried weight because of the respected characters of its members.

The first meeting of the board was held in April, 1848, and on this occasion inspectors of fish and flour were appointed. This was the first step yet taken toward establishing uniformity in weights and measure and quality, and in the guaranteeing of the quantity of merchantable goods sold. On various other occasions improvements in business methods were suggested and adopted, and at one time and another in these infantile days of commerce reforms were put in operation that have sustained the commerce of the city, and have given it a dignity it would never have otherwise obtained. But although this was done, still it seemed that the real purpose for which the board was organized was lost sight of. Instead of a daily attendance of merchants, the hall was empty almost all the days of the week. It was only when some matter foreign to the business interests of the city was to be discussed that the attendance was good. The early officers evidently had the Chicago spirit strong in them, for they did everything in their power to encourage the attendance. Still the merchants failed to congregate except when some political affair was announced as the special order for the day. This sort of thing was continued even as late as 1851—three years after the first meeting—when a record of the attendance for nine days showed that on one day one man was present, on another three, on three more only one, and absolutely none on the remainder of the days.

The officers held a special meeting, and decided that some prompt, efficient, and radically curative remedial agent should be introduced—something that would stir the public pulse and cause a renaissance in the matter of commerce, fill the hall to the doors every day; in other words, this action was taken and this remedy applied.

The officers had it made public in the newspapers that on and after that date the Chicago Board of Trade would furnish a free lunch to all of its members attending its sessions. As a further inducement to uninterested dealers in the street, it was announced that the hours of the daily session had been changed from 9 in the morning to 11.30 and 12.30 o'clock; whereby even the least enterprising members would be enabled to look in.

This prompt and far-seeing policy had its effect, and for a time the attendance increased, and almost all the merchants put in a daily appearance to take a nibble at the cheese and a sip of the ale that were provided. But whether it was that the steward of the board was not a good and faithful servant, and neglected the quality of the cheese he purchased or the quantity of the ale he supplied, or whether it was due to the never-changing character of the diet, the stimulus of the lunch soon lost force, the attendance again fell off, and the commerce of the city was in as pitiable a condition as ever.

However, the effort was not abandoned, and new rooms were secured and more attempts at stimulating finance were made. At the meeting of 1855 it was found that the secretary had not been furnishing lunch, and a general vote was cast ordering him to continue furnishing the original quality and quantity of lunch. At the meeting the following year it was found that the membership had grown considerably, and that association with the board was a thing to be desired by the richest and most influential business men in the city. Besides that it was also reported that the attendance had been good, and that the volume of the business transacted was growing monthly. It was decided to build, but there was a failure to raise the stock, and the building project was not revived for years. It was at this period of its history that the rules and regulations of the new board concerning the storing of grain and the issuance of warehouse receipts made speculation possible, and even then projected the lines on which was to rise the great fabric of gambling in wheat and corn carried on by inferior enterprises, and which the board has striven hard to annihilate. The growth of legitimate trade made speculation easy.

The Board of Trade from 1857 on took giant strides in progress. In 1857 seven and one-half millions of bushels of wheat were exported to England, and it is doubtful whether one bushel of that amount was known as Chicago wheat in English markets, or that there was such an institution as the Chicago Board of Trade on the face of the earth. In 1871 nearly twenty-three million bushels of wheat were sold in London and Liverpool, and three-fourths of this was raised west of Lake Michigan. English buyers on the produce exchanges were telegraphed daily prices on Chicago grain. The growth of the transactions of the body, the methods of its business, the establishment of new rules and the amplification of old ones, the introduction of telegraph service, whereby such cities as New York, Buffalo, Montreal, Oswego, and others were connected to Chicago, with the floor of the chamber as a heart, the improvement of the inspections and grades, the elevator systems and their regulation, and the constantly present necessities for fresh rules to protect the individual and trade in general—all these were commensurate with the bounding advances made by the West in stock-raising and grain-growing, and, of course, found their concentrated expression in the volume of business done every day in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce.

In 1859 the board was regularly incorporated, and from that day it began to be a living factor in the affairs of the world of commerce. It figured largely, too, in the civil war, and many of its members fought for the Union. It was the centre of all movements of a civic character, and Chicago enterprises were always led by its members. It had soon built for itself a new house at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets. This was a pretty building in the heart of the old city, and was completely swept away by the fire of 1871. Two days after the disaster there was held a meeting of the directors, who voted to rebuild on the old site. This was done on a finer and grander fashion than before, the while sessions were held in temporary quarters. At noon on October 9, 1872, the new Chamber of Commerce was opened with ceremonies. A majority of the leading men of the city attended the opening, and a distinguished party occupied the platform whence the speeches were made.

In this building the board carried on its operations until 1881, when the membership was so great that new and larger quarters were necessary. It was then that the work of subscription was begun, and the final result of the last agitation toward larger scopes is found in the granite pile at the end of La Salle crowned by a ring of electric lights.

The present organization of the board consists of a president, two vice-presidents, and a board of fifteen directors. The president is elected annually, the second vice-president becomes vice-president, and a second vice-president and five directors are elected with the president. The chief committees are those on arbitration and appeals, consisting of ten members each, who are made by the board of directors, and five of whom hold over every year. The officers elected at the last meeting and in office now are the following:

President, William T. Baker; First Vice-President, J. G. Steever; Second Vice-President, J. T. Rawleigh. Board of Directors: A. C. Helmholtz, C. B. Congdon, R. G. Chandler, Adolph Seckel, H. H. Aldrich, James T. Healy, H. F. Dousman, E. S. Worthington, C. B. Van Kirk, J. A. Edwards, W. H. Bartlett, John S. Hannah, M. C. Mitchell, John M. Fiske, and E. A. Beach.

It is hardly practicable to attempt mention of the various "corners" in pork and grain that have been manipulated at various times by Chicago operators. These are fairly well known to men of commerce all over this country. It is well to add, however, that with one or two exceptions these attempts were great failures, and ruined their authors.

MY RANGE.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I.

IT has been hinted by some philosopher, whose name I cannot remember, that the proper way to build a house is to erect a large chimney, and build a house around it. A chimney is therefore to a house what a pocket is to a pair of boy's trousers, for we feel certain from what we know of the human boy that in the construction of a pair of trousers he would consider it nothing less than an inspiration on the part of the tailor to first make the pocket—one sufficiently capacious to contain at once a number of marbles, a jack-knife, a base-ball, a lucky stone, a hop-toad, and other things too numerous to mention—and then build the trousers around it.

When I was undergoing the tortures incident to building, I came in contact with a stove-man, who acted in such a friendly smiling manner that I felt I would be satisfied with anything purchased of him, if the article in question threw out only such a genial glow as he commanded during a business transaction. He acted like a friend who would take one groping in the darkness of ignorance relative to stoves gently by the hand and lead him into the light. From his first remarks, or prelude, after looking at my plans, he led me to believe that his idea of the correct manner of building a house was to first put the range on the ground, then dig the cellar under it, and continue by building the edifice around and over it. Said he, in the calm convincing manner of a lawyer, while he rolled the plans up like a high-priced silk umbrella, "That is altogether too fine a house for a thirty-dollar range."

"Is that the kind the architect suggests?" I asked.

"That is the kind," said the stove-man, calmly; "and I can tell you one thing, the architect wants to put in a cheap range, in order to have more money for display in wood-work; he would have your house a monument to his genius. Of course I don't want to interfere, but I feel it my duty to tell you that your range should be in harmony with your house. A thirty-dollar range in your house would be like hitching a ten-dollar mustang to a gilded chariot."

"What would you suggest?" I asked, with feelings of gratitude.

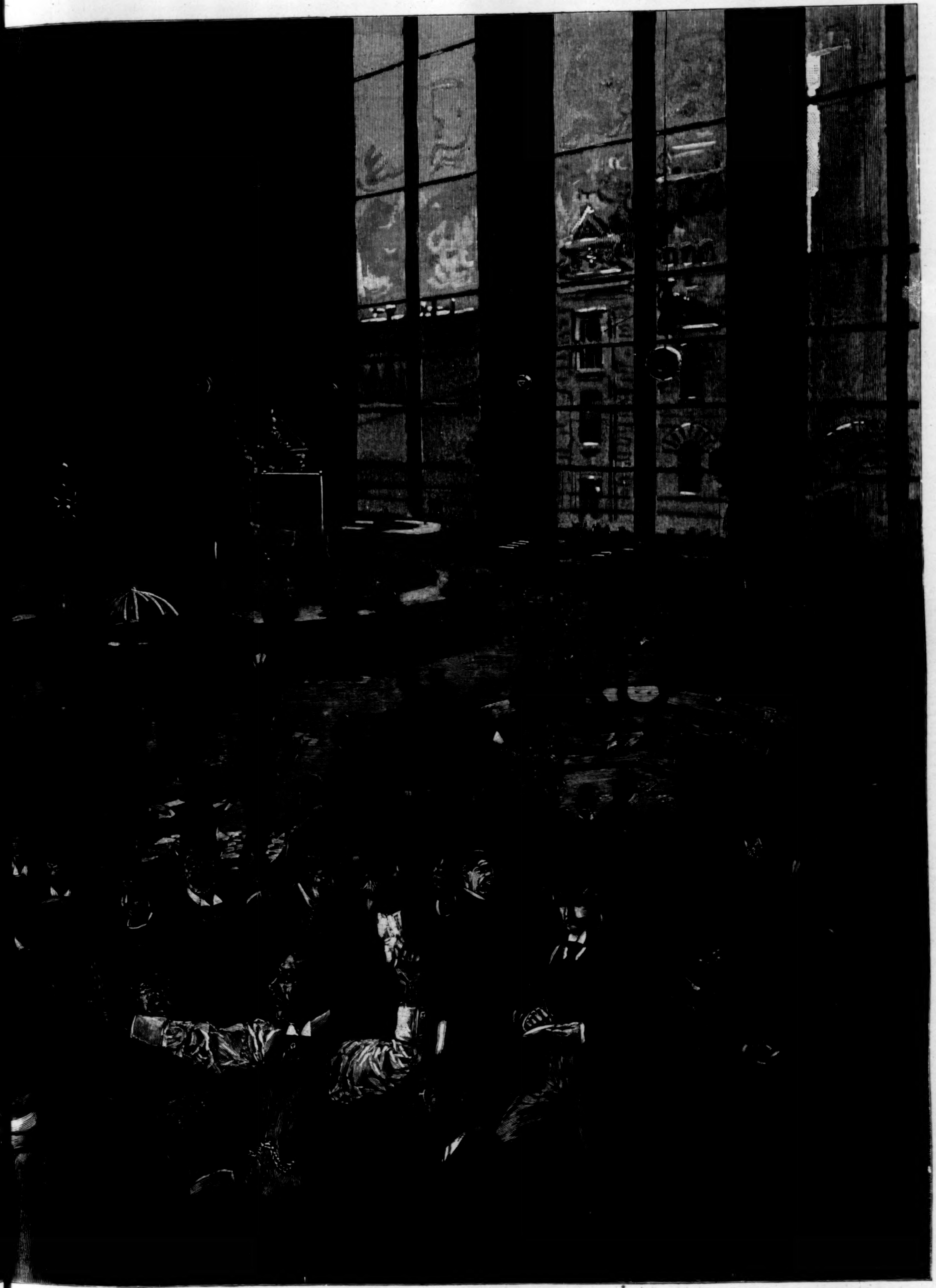
"I would suggest," he replied, "that you get a range that comes a little higher in price. We have them at forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty-five dollars. Our eighty-five-dollar range is the best in this or any other market, and any man who buys one will never regret the purchase. Of course I don't advise you to buy this one, because it is really a very high-priced article; but it is a cheap one in the end. I think you would do well to take the fifty or sixty dollar range."

I was really in doubt as to the best course to pursue. I had been building for about six months, and as a natural consequence suspected every one with whom fate threw me into business relations. I quite believed what the stove-man had said relative to the architect's having selected a cheap range in order to have more money for artistic wood-work. Yet I could not believe that the stove-man could be interested in my personal welfare. He must be a snow-white dove in human form, I argued, and yet there must be some guile in him, because of his occasional intercourse with architects and contractors.

"Come," he said, as he noticed I looked puzzled—"come along, and I will show them to you."

I followed him down a number of aisles, and listened respectfully as he explained the virtues of this and that range, and held forth on this one's economy in the matter of fuel and that one's capacity for baking, and how this one never failed to give satisfaction, and how that one was the favorite of the wives of several statesmen, and the chief particular joy of a number of celebrated professional cooks. There was not a range in the establishment that had not been awarded one or more gold medals, and it seemed that any one selected at random might give satisfaction. Yet among so many ranges, each of

THE BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO.



GO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 625.]